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IMAN'S LOVE LETTER TO DAVID BOWIE  
KARL LAGERFELD'S LIFE IN OBJECTS  
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PLUS: DAZZLING GIFTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS









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# VOGUE

December 2021



## LA NOTTE

MODEL MONA TOUGAARD WEARS A BURBERRY DRESS AND PANTS. JIMMY CHOO BOOTS.  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANGELO PENNETTA.

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PRODUCED BY MAI PRODUCTIONS. THANKS TO HOTEL LOCARNO AND DONNA CAMILLA SAVELLI, ROME.



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A fashion advertisement for Max Mara featuring three models. The model on the left is a Black woman with short dark hair, wearing a tan blazer with a large ruffled collar and matching trousers. The model in the center is a white woman with short blonde hair, wearing a dark brown cable-knit sweater. The model on the right is a white woman with dark hair and teal eye makeup, wearing a green sweater with a large graphic and a patterned skirt. A tan leather bag and a grey knit garment are also visible. The background is a plain grey.

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# VOGUE

December 2021



## MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE

THE SALON JAUNE IN JOHN GALLIANO'S COUNTRY HOME IN NORTHERN FRANCE.  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANÇOIS HALARD.

126

### Carried Away

Sarah Jessica Parker revisits her most famous role. By Naomi Fry

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### Happy Returns

Sarah Jessica Parker wears a Dolce & Gabbana Alta Moda gown. Dior bracelets. Harwell Godfrey ring. Hair, Chris McMillan; makeup, Elaine Offers. Details, see In This Issue.

Photographer:

Dan Jackson.

Fashion Editor:

Tabitha Simmons.

SITTINGS EDITOR: HAMISH BOWLES.



































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# Letter From the Editor



## A Separate Peace

WE'RE ALL LOOKING FOR SERENITY, aren't we? As the news bombards us, as our channels and social feeds fill, as the pace of life ever accelerates, the need for somewhere *apart*, a place—mental or physical—where everything feels slow and peaceful, has become a bit of a modern necessity.

I thought as much over a recent lunch with John Galliano at his home in Gerberoy, a village in Northern France, where he and his partner and collaborator, Alexis Roche, have recently put down roots. What struck me most about his life there, with his Brussels Griffon terriers and his English garden, was how at peace he seemed. John is one of fashion's most brilliant and restlessly creative minds, and he's updated Maison Margiela in extraordinarily dynamic ways, yet to him, right now, it is a necessity to live at a slower pace, away from the madness of Paris. François Halard's photographs of his home and of the antiques he has collected at markets over many years (a passion of his) capture that sense of peace—as does Hamish Bowles's wonderfully detailed account of life there. The portfolio (see "Let the Sunshine In," page 136) is as lovely and transporting as I hoped it would be.

The fashion icon Iman has discovered a version of peace in the upstate New York home she shared with her late husband, David Bowie (see "Making Space," page 154), who succumbed to cancer in 2016. She settled there amid COVID's surge last year, and in the quiet and gorgeous views of the Catskill Mountains has found a way to mourn and remember. She speaks movingly about how the place has restored her, and about the making of a new

### COMING HOME

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: SARAH JESSICA PARKER, IN A BALENCIAGA COUTURE DRESS, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN JACKSON; JOHN GALLIANO AND ALEXIS ROCHE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANÇOIS HALARD; IMAN, IN SCHIAPARELLI, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ.

fragrance (her first) to honor David's memory. It's a way of transforming loss into something new. "This is my way," she tells *Vogue's* Chioma Nnadi.

Speaking of icons, this month we have the inimitable Sarah Jessica Parker on our cover. What more can be said about Sarah Jessica—and about her alter ego Carrie Bradshaw, who returns this month in a new *Sex and the City* sequel series, *And Just Like That...*? Just this: that Sarah Jessica remains a wonder—in her intelligence, her glamour, her work ethic, and her willingness to speak thoughtfully about everything from sexism to inclusion to creativity. She's also the consummate professional: On the eve of her *Vogue* shoot with Dan Jackson (see "Carried Away," page 126), she lost a dear friend and business partner, George Malkemus, and, days later, would lose her *SATC* costar Willie Garson, both to cancer. Carrying that loss, she nevertheless gave us a joyful shoot and a thoughtful interview beyond our expectations. Celebrating Sarah Jessica on our cover again brings *me* a kind of peace. It's an end-of-the-year gift, and I hope you enjoy it as much as I do.

Amalita.

PARKER: FASHION EDITOR: TABITHA SIMMONS. HAIR: CHRIS MCMILLAN. MAKEUP: ELAINE OFFERS. PRODUCED BY 143 PRODUCTIONS. IMAN: FASHION EDITOR: CARLOS NAZARIO. HAIR: URSULA STEPHENS. MAKEUP: KEITA MOORE. SET DESIGN: MARY HOWARD STUDIO.



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# Contributors



“We had a mere five minutes to get the shot before the street became flooded with people shouting, ‘OMG, there’s Sarah Jessica Parker!’”



## SJP Takes NYC

For contributing fashion editor Tabitha Simmons, Sarah Jessica Parker’s sixth *Vogue* cover story (“Carried Away,” page 126) was an ideal assignment. “She is a woman after my own heart—a businesswoman and the head of a great shoe brand, a mother, actress, wife,” says Simmons, a shoe designer herself. “She is basically doing it all, with grace and enthusiasm.” As such, the story’s fashions mingled pie-in-the-sky extravagance with more practically minded looks suitable for a woman on the go—although once Simmons and photographer Dan Jackson moved the shoot outside, Parker quickly brought surrounding traffic to a grinding halt. “We knew the spread would not be complete without getting ‘Carrie,’ our quintessential New Yorker, on the street,” Simmons says. “What we didn’t anticipate were the throngs of adoring fans, so we had a mere five minutes to get the shot before the street became flooded with people shouting, ‘OMG, there’s Sarah Jessica Parker!’”

**AS IF SHE NEVER SAID GOODBYE**  
SARAH JESSICA PARKER, WEARING SHOES FROM HER OWN LINE, IN THE STUDIO WITH *VOGUE*’S SERGIO KLETNOY (TOP LEFT) AND OUTSIDE WITH HAIRSTYLIST CHRIS McMILLAN (ABOVE).



## Galliano’s Gerberoy

“It was such a discovery.... When you go there, it’s like being in England in the 15th century,” Franois Halard (seen at FAR LEFT) says of Gerberoy, the picturesque village in Northern France where he photographed John Galliano and his partner, Alexis Roche, at home (“Let the Sunshine In,” page 136). The past and present also crashed together at the house, filled as it is with the vestiges of Galliano’s visits to *brocantes* and flea markets all over the world. “Being an avid collector myself, it was like being at a family reunion of crazy collecting people,” Halard says with a laugh.

PARKER IN STUDIO: PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN JACKSON. FASHION EDITOR: TABITHA SIMMONS. HAIR: CHRIS McMILLAN. MAKEUP: ELAINE OFFERS. PRODUCED BY 143 PRODUCTIONS. PARKER STANDING: ALYSSA ARMINIO. PARKER OUTSIDE: SERGIO KLETNOY. HALARD: HAMISH BOWLES. GROUP SHOT: FRANOIS HALARD.



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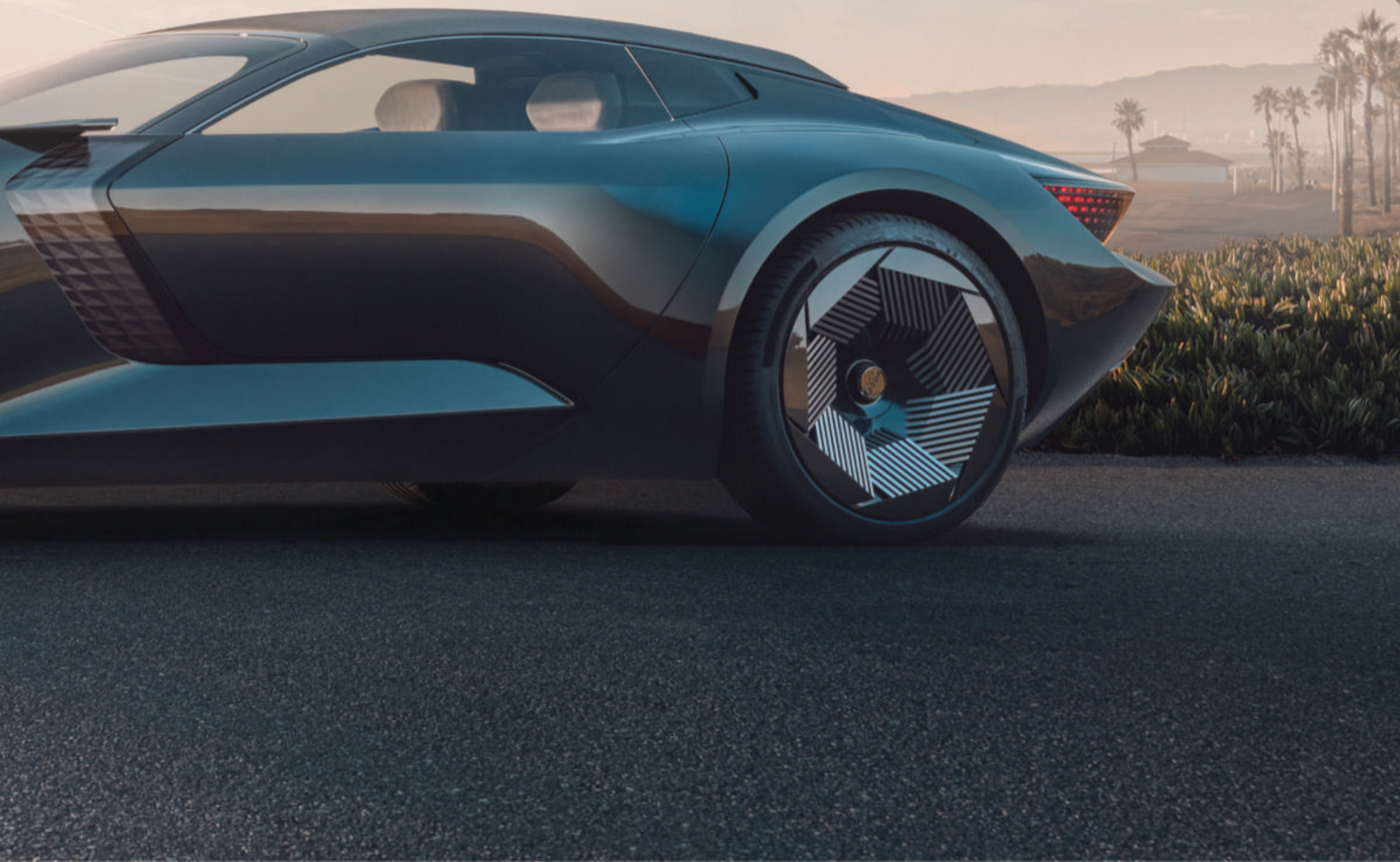
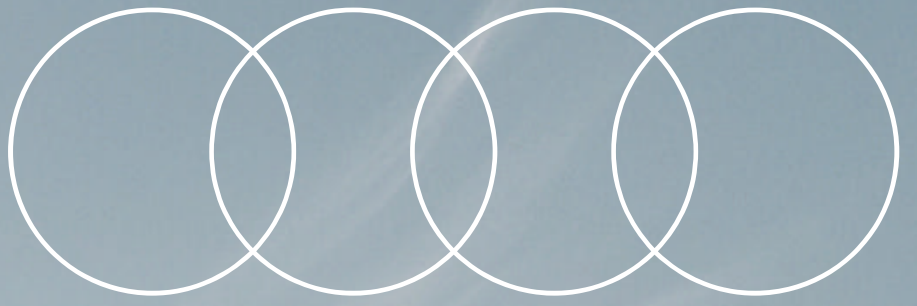
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## Land of Talk

Is gossip a pernicious social ill—or a bond that makes us human?  
Catherine Ostler speaks up for the defense.

I never particularly thought of myself as a gossip until I saw my first child, age one and a bit, hold a banana to her ear in the kitchen and say “whatsthegoss?” into one end. She had already ruthlessly named me “cappuccinomummy,” but this was a real moment of self-revelation; if she was going to mirror me on the phone, I had better start thinking about what I was saying, or she was going to get an addiction to chitchat and caffeine before she could stand up.

In my defense, I was on maternity leave, with my second child, and it is precisely when one is most cut off from other adults that one longs for “thegoss.” A phone call with a like-minded friend could change the mood of

a sleep-deprived morning, from anxious remoteness to a blessed feeling of inclusion in the buzzing outer world. Gossip is hardly a niche occupation. Do not the most interesting people also like to analyze other people’s behavior? Is this not evidence of a superior sensibility, and at least a starter grasp of Freud, etc.? Could those who disagree kindly feel free to sit elsewhere?

What a disaster the pandemic has been for all such human fuel: real-world gossip, connection, call it

>76

### HOT TOPIC

GOSSIP, AT ITS BEST, SHOULD BRING PEOPLE TOGETHER.  
TOM WESSELMANN, *STUDY FOR MOUTH*, 8, 1966.

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# Up Front

## In Defense of Gossip

what you will. So many months of nothing much happening (the odd divorce, too lowering to dwell on), and you couldn't see anyone to discuss it with anyway. Where's the fun in that?

In my case, a longing to be in some kind of ongoing conversation about everything and everyone began in the quarantine-like isolation of a tweedy English boarding school, where we were so starved of fun news that when we weren't reading glossy magazines on our beds, dreaming of ball gowns, parties, and coupe glasses of Champagne, we were crammed onto the floor of a red phone box poring over tabloid newspapers while hiding from the grown-ups. This would invariably happen during church on Sundays—walking in pairs from the boarding house for safety, two of us (it was my evil idea) would surreptitiously step out of the procession to the service, and, an hour or so later, newspapers in the bin, slip into it again as the other girls filed past us back to the boarding house, without the matrons noticing we had swapped psalms for sweet scandal.

What *did* happen during the pandemic—and it was happening anyway—was that the remaining shreds of gossip, tattle, rumor, and info all went online. This strikes me as supremely unhealthy: Our supercharged scrolling, our super-scolding, any difference of opinion or real or perceived grievance played out at hysteria pitch. Gossip, at its best, should bring us together—and ensure we behave. “Gossip is the beginning of moral inquiry,” wrote the critic Phyllis Rose; Jane Austen’s Mr. Bennet, in *Pride and Prejudice*, decrees, “For what do we live, but to make sport for our neighbours, and laugh at them in our turn?”

Which is all very well until one becomes the subject of it. Early on in my career, as a newspaper supplement editor in my 20s, I discovered in a rival paper’s gossip column that my office nickname was Tiny Tears. Tiny Tears were vinyl baby dolls, beloved (by me, anyway), and in retrospect slightly horror-film: If you fed one water, tears would come out of its eyes and dampen its nappy. As I stand five foot one (and an all-important half), the epithet *tiny* was fair enough. But *tears* felt a bit cruel, because, at the time, unbeknownst to my colleagues, I was struggling with a bereavement—my father, lost to cancer just weeks before. The nickname was obviously a joke, possibly a fond one, and I would love to say that I was thick-skinned enough to laugh it off. But that would be a lie. I felt like a piano had fallen through the ceiling—everyone was laughing at me, no one took me seriously—and I soon left for another job. It looks like an overreaction now, and I wasn’t following the advice that I give my teenage children, which is: Don’t read malice into anything unnecessarily; don’t overreact; there are people whose opinion you value, and there is everybody else.

The nickname was  
obviously a joke,  
possibly a fond one, and  
I would love to say  
that I was thick-skinned  
enough to laugh it off

All easy to say. The truth is, having worked in media for over two decades, I have a complicated relationship with gossip. Who can turn pious and complain about being talked or written about when their day job is to talk and write about everybody else? When I left a subsequent job, a glossy magazine editorship, several years later, a story appeared in another newspaper column that I had thrown a pair of Louboutins across the office. It was entirely made-up (I didn’t even own any Louboutins). I’d had a few disagreements, was perhaps a bit cross when stressed about things not going to plan—I have the editors’ blight of heart-racing perfectionism—but throwing anything? Certainly not. How to react? The sensible thing is not to desperately scramble to one’s mobile and track down the column’s editor; you don’t want to diffuse a story about being impulsive and having a temper by being impulsive and having a temper. And yet, I duly called the gossip columnist, who answered, laughing, and offered me a deal: Tell me another piece of gossip and I’ll issue a retraction.

He wouldn’t say where he had heard the shoe story. Someone else told me later that what wasn’t printed was more exciting: “The editor heard you had been rolling around the floor with someone in your office. He loved you for it.” Eventually I found out the shoe story came from my own father-in-law, who has an almost pathological fear of being thought boring, and so in a flicker of inspiration had regaled the columnist

with the tale at a party. (My father-in-law told me he “couldn’t remember” where he had heard it or if he had just made it up—and I didn’t press. All is forgiven.)

As an English literature student I was struck by the sheer energy, modernity, and mischief of the early-18th-century English satirists—Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope. Perhaps, therefore, it was no coincidence that my very first job was at the title I ended up editing, *Tatler*, originally founded in 1709 by Steele, with Addison and Swift two of its earliest contributors. At *Tatler* one would run stories often based on what one had (only) heard. But what started life as a piece of gossip would often end up as something quite different, particularly if it involved that triumvirate of politics, royalty, or Hollywood. Take the story of the art adviser who had had a love child with the married politician, then mayor of London, Boris Johnson—a rumor that ended up, via various turns, in a secret court case with me and others providing evidence because the art adviser had given an interview in *Tatler*. (A newspaper had run a picture of a child looking uncannily like Boris with the headline “Who’s the Daddy?” for which they were sued.) The PM finally admitted to being the father of the child only this week (September 21, 2021). I also remember the family relations of the New York institution Brooke Astor, who told *Tatler* the terrible story of the son who looted her estate; and the friends of the five socialite Noel >82



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# Up Front

## In Defense of Gossip

sisters from Greenwich, Connecticut, who told us that Noel père had run a Bernie Madoff feeder fund; and the new generations of Kennedys, who constantly bred their own news. So many in the public eye have a love of drama and talent for self-destruction—a petri dish for gossip. (Two observations: If it's sex, politicians and actors are usually capable of just about anything; if it's money, cock-up is as common as conspiracy.)

Royal gossip has its own momentum; all details are of interest. Even in the 18th century, anyone in the royal orbit might become a figure of gossip, a celebrity in the most modern of ways. I was drawn to the subject of my book *The Duchess Countess*, Elizabeth Chudleigh, tried for bigamy in 1776, through an item that started as gossip: She had arrived in St. Petersburg in her yacht full of monkeys, parrots, clergymen, and publicists in an attempt to excite Catherine the Great into friendship. (Some call biography high-class gossip, others an art form. Perhaps it is both.) By then, she had been famous for years, both because she was maid of honor to Augusta, Princess of Wales, and because after a secret, disastrous first marriage, she arrived at a masquerade in a gauzy, apparently quite “naked” outfit, dressed as Iphigenia from Greek myth. In an age before cameras, gossip was the closest thing to photographic evidence. (Etchings had to serve as illustration.)

If near-nothing red-carpet dressing is not new, neither is the savagery and anonymity we associate with gossip on social media. In Chudleigh's day, pamphlets criticizing the government were pseudonymous; often by “Junius,” whose identity has still never been established (40 people were under suspicion). “Paragraphs,” or short gossip items, were then anonymous. The very word *gossip*, I discovered, comes from the same root as *godparent* and referred to the women who would sit around an expectant mother's bed because, I like to think, it was universally agreed that having a brisk trade about other people's business was the most distracting and spirit-lifting thing that could happen during childbirth in a world without epidurals.

We adults worry about offense archaeology—the digging up of old tweets or photographs, with the aim of finishing another's career—but today's teenagers, *my* teenagers, talk mostly of screenshots of text messages, of Snapchat, the chaos-inducing proof of what person said what thing about another. (Screenshots lend unfortunate permanence to passing thoughts. Some teens brazen out implausible denials in the face of such evidence.)

My son compares receiving nuggets to checking barcodes at the grocery till—“next item now please”—

and he expects a quota of three from a night out before he will leave for school. My teenage daughters tell me that code names are essential to talk about people (especially romantically), that they will draw up agendas of gossip to get through when they see their friends (no change there, then).

I once had a boss on a newspaper who was just as ravenous; you couldn't step into his office without some piece of hot news, or you were cold toast. Put anything in an email, he would take delight in forwarding it to the person concerned, a passive-aggressive way of wing-clipping everyone around him. The air of menace can affect the young too; they tell me stories of 13-year-olds who have been canceled by their peers at school for defending the wrong point of view. Later on—at secondary school and university—there are print magazines with thinly disguised (initials

rather than names, just like Georgian times) gossip usually about students' love lives. “Usually done by children of privilege who are more likely to believe it's a good way of spending their time, and have a network of people to write about,” one teenager tells me.

The guidance I give to my children is simply this: Do not be too judgmental; avoid herd instinct; remember that gossip says as much about teller as subject, and most people think about themselves most of the time. Only pass on compliments about a person; many things are fleeting thoughts said in the heat of the moment—and the best thing by far is never to repeat them. They smile and nod. As if. □



### FIELD WORK

THE AUTHOR, IN 1995, ON ASSIGNMENT. HER BIOGRAPHY, *THE DUCHESS COUNTESS: THE WOMAN WHO SCANDALIZED EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LONDON*, IS OUT IN FEBRUARY FROM ATRIA BOOKS.





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# A Life in Objects

Karl Lagerfeld filled his many glorious homes with many glorious things. On the eve of a series of Sotheby's auctions, Hamish Bowles recalls the designer's treasures.

"I'M REALLY A FRUSTRATED INTERIOR designer," Karl Lagerfeld told *Vogue* in 1990, "very fussy about perfection and detail."

The polyglot creator—designer, photographer, writer, wit, and passionate collector—treated his living environments with almost the same revolutionary ardor as he approached his fashion, moving deftly from giddy nostalgic romance to startling modernity as his fancy and the zeitgeist took him. "I can freak out and change overnight," he noted.

Lagerfeld's treasures have been dispersed through the years at some notable auctions, and now Sotheby's will offer a further thousand lots, from his signature fingerless leather gloves to the dishes in which his beloved Birman cat, Choupette, was served her food.

The items will be sold across a series of eight online and live auctions (the latter in Monaco, Paris, and Cologne) from November 26 to March 2022. Although the lots are assembled from Lagerfeld's final residences, many of them evoke his former interior lives.

In the 1970s, for instance, as Lagerfeld reimagined the fashion house Chloé with languid designs that reflected the era's nostalgia for the interwar years, he was assembling a world-class collection of Art Deco masterpieces by some neglected geniuses of the genre (his dinner guests sat at a giant lacquered dining table from the fabled liner the *Normandie*). Stylishly arranged in a high-ceilinged apartment that his mother had given him near Saint-Sulpice in Paris, the decor served as an irresistible mise-en-scène for a series of Chloé fashion shoots by such photographic greats as Helmut Newton and David Bailey. "Of course," noted Lagerfeld, "each period set I create influences my work."

By 1975, however, Lagerfeld had tired of Deco. "It looked perfect, but it was a set," he explained later. "I didn't like it, and I sold it all." The restaurateur Michael Chow and his wife, the fashion icon Tina, and the Pompidou were among those who acquired treasures signed by Émile-Jacques Ruhlmann or Jean Dunand while Lagerfeld created a new mood with industrial-looking furnishings procured from a hospital supplier. His apartment now looked like a high-tech gym and reflected his interest in bodybuilding and the hedonism of the Studio 54 era.



This look, however, was also to prove short-lived, for Lagerfeld then moved into a wing of the astonishing 1706 Hôtel de Soyecourt on the rue de l'Université, and began collecting 18th-century furniture and decorative arts with a *Citizen Kane*-like mania. When he eventually acquired the principal central block of this city palace, Lagerfeld, with guidance from his elegant adviser Patrick Hourcade,



#### PAPER TRAIL

Karl Lagerfeld and his cat, Choupette, at home in Paris, photographed by Annie Leibovitz, *Vogue*, 2018.



filled it with such wonders as a bronze couple made by the sculptor Falconet for Catherine the Great and the carpet originally woven at Savonnerie for Louis XV to place in the Salon de la Paix at Versailles. (At Lagerfeld's parties the carpet was rolled up for dancing.)

When *Vogue*'s Rosamond Bernier went to call in 1992, she was dazzled by "the exuberant white-and-golden tracery

of some of the finest boiseries outside of Versailles." And no wonder, she added, "since they are by Verberckt, who decorated the apartments of Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour in Versailles."

"I don't believe in putting modern things into an 18th-century setting," Lagerfeld told Bernier at the time, but no sooner said than contradicted. "At a stroke, he guillotined his >88





*dix-huitième*,” as Kennedy Fraser wrote in *Vogue* in 2004. “The little chairs and escritoirs were shipped off to Christie’s or banished to the Louvre. He says he didn’t want to live anymore as his own curator.” “I like to collect things; I don’t like to own them,” Karl told her at the time. “What I like about collecting is to create a mood, to put things together, then... gone.”

“I have always wanted to buy a fortress somewhere, empty it, and decorate the whole thing with books,” Lagerfeld once declared. “I want it with the moat and all. Then I would live the simple life of a student.” It was a romantic fantasy, of course: There was absolutely nothing simple about the way Lagerfeld lived in any of his residences. In Rome for instance—a city where he had once studied the

composer Bellini, and where he would reimagine ready-to-wear and a contemporary treatment of fur for the Fendi sisters—he lived in an apartment inspired by Goethe and the Grand Tourists, while in Monte Carlo he embraced the antic wit and garish colors of the Memphis Group, and his Gesamtkunstwerk vision included Masanori Umeda’s iconic boxing-ring seating unit right in the middle of the >90

### INNER SPACE

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Lagerfeld’s final house, in Louveciennes, France; his country home Le Mée, photographed by Oberto Gili, *Vogue*, 1990; one of his Parisian libraries; his antic apartment in Monte Carlo, photographed by Karen Radkai, *Vogue*, 1983.



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living space. There was a complete aesthetic pivot when Lagerfeld took over the lease of the majestic 1902 La Vigie—a white cube-shaped villa perched atop a hill above the sea in Monte Carlo—from Prince Rainier: Lagerfeld is said to have spent \$14 million bringing it back to life and spent as many years there, creating interiors that evoked the spirit of the Belle Époque English beauty Princess Daisy of Pless. Meanwhile, a subsequent Monégasque apartment went Donald Judd minimalist.

In the late 1980s, the brightly colored interiors of his pretty French country house Le Mée, near Fontainebleau, were inspired by “Bécassine,” the illustrated turn-of-the-century comic strip about a hapless Breton maid, beloved of generations of French schoolchildren, but in the rooms, 18th-century Swedish furniture jostled masterpieces by Eileen Gray and neoromantic works by the avant-garde contemporary designers André Dubreuil and Borek Sipek in a thoroughly ’80s visual mash-up.

By the turn of the ’90s, as *Vogue* noted, Karl owned seven houses in four countries, furnished with antiques, contemporary commissions, and a quarter of a million books: At the Hôtel de Soyecourt, there were so many books piled on an imposing library table on the *piano nobile* that it crashed through the parquet to the floor below (no one was hurt). “I’m a very messy person with all my books, letters, writing,” Lagerfeld admitted. Increasingly, however, his homes were filled with objects but not with people, and those riotous dinner parties became a thing of the past. “I realized at 14 that I was born to live alone,” Lagerfeld claimed. In his last years he preferred the company of his beloved Choupette.

Lagerfeld didn’t care to look back at his work, as he felt that fashion was all about the present and the future, but in his interiors he allowed himself to do so—and perhaps nowhere more so than at the elegant Villa Jako near his native Hamburg, where he created an achingly nostalgic paean to the elegant neoclassical Weimar style of his parents’ era. Having completed it, he then discovered that he had “no idea what to do in Hamburg,” and sold it. There is some doubt that he even spent a night there.



In the October 2008 issue of *Vogue*, Lagerfeld described his latest apartment on the Quai Voltaire, with its silvery views across the Seine to the Louvre, as “a spaceship for the city, where you don’t feel bound by the Earth.” He had transformed, as Joan Juliet Buck noted, “a classic French eight-room apartment with three bathrooms into an abstract space for drawing, writing, and reading, with the necessary living annexes—bedroom and bathroom—encased in a pod of frosted-glass walls,” with



concrete and silicon floors dotted with furnishings and objects by forward-thinking designers including Marc Newson, Martin Szekely, Barber Osgerby, Amanda Levete, and Ronan and Erwan Bouroullec. There were some

throwbacks, however, including the surprise of exquisite handmade linens and lace. The master of the house, after all, then still stoutly resisted email. “I like the act of writing,” he explained to Buck.

Lagerfeld’s final house, the Pavillon de Voisins in Louveciennes, was another visual essay in memory,

“I like to collect things;  
I don’t like to own  
them. What I like about  
collecting is to create a  
mood, to put things  
together, then...gone”



showcasing the furniture of the early-20th-century German designer Bruno Paul, and recalling his earlier passion for Art Deco with examples of the work of the French designers Louis Süe and André Mare, who created Jazz Age interiors for the couturiers Jeanne Lanvin and Jean Patou, and the dramatic poster art of Ludwig Hohlwein. This house, again, like the Villa Jako, was an exquisitely realized fantasia that Lagerfeld apparently never really spent a night in.

“I live in a set,” said Karl of his solitary world, “with the curtains of the stage closed and with no audience.” □

#### HIS WORLD

Just some of the lots offered by Sotheby’s at the upcoming Lagerfeld sales, including, FROM TOP, a Chanel leather tote, a pair of his trademark gloves, he and Choupette in ink, lapel pins in bloom.



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## Fringe Benefits

Just in time for the holidays, bigger, thicker, darker lashes—for everyone—are rewriting the rules of who gets to be glamorous. By Alexandra Kleeman.

**W**hen the first post-vaccine holiday season began to come into focus, I found myself craving make-up of the luxurious and theatrical variety—something to steady me as I navigated the festive closeness of a room full of laughing, dancing, sweating revelers, out of practice but elated to be back. That thing, I decided, was the over-the-top eyelashes you could

see from across the venue at Marc Jacobs's New York Public Library fall show: the thicker, the darker, the longer, the better.

"People want to play and have fun," says makeup artist Diane Kendal, who was behind the "extreme" look on Jacobs's runway, a study in oversized proportions and code-breaking dressing. "I thought, You know what? I'm going to try these lashes on

simply offered themselves up as a way to emerge into the exotic and transformative visual excitement of this moment. "There's a sense that these appendages are not separate from us; they're part of us," adds Vaid-Menon.

Getting them to adhere to us is a different story. I have always dreamed of wearing big eyelashes, but I have never gotten them to stick—literally or figuratively. While some people swear >96

### FALSE PROMISES

Model Precious Lee wears a heavy lash and David Koma dress. Hair, Shiori Takahashi; makeup, Lotten Holmqvist. Fashion Editor: Kate Phelan. Photographed by Rasharn Agyemang.

everyone. Once we started doing it on two or three of the models it actually just became very normal," Kendal says of the show's defining beauty element, which was applied in thick inky strips to models of all gender identities. The gesture helped solidify a beauty movement that's gaining steam backstage and in the culture at large as less-restrictive notions of who can wear make-up follow the past many months of isolation and introspection.

"More people want to do lashes because they just like how it makes them look," author and trans activist Alok Vaid-Menon said at Batsheva's spring 2022 show, where they walked among a diverse cast that included comedians Lauren Servideo and Heidi Gardner, as well as the actor Rory Culkin. Vaid-Menon has also noticed the beginning of a dissolution of the gender binary in beauty without much fanfare or publicity, which, they note, is how it should be; lashes have



# N°5





# N°5

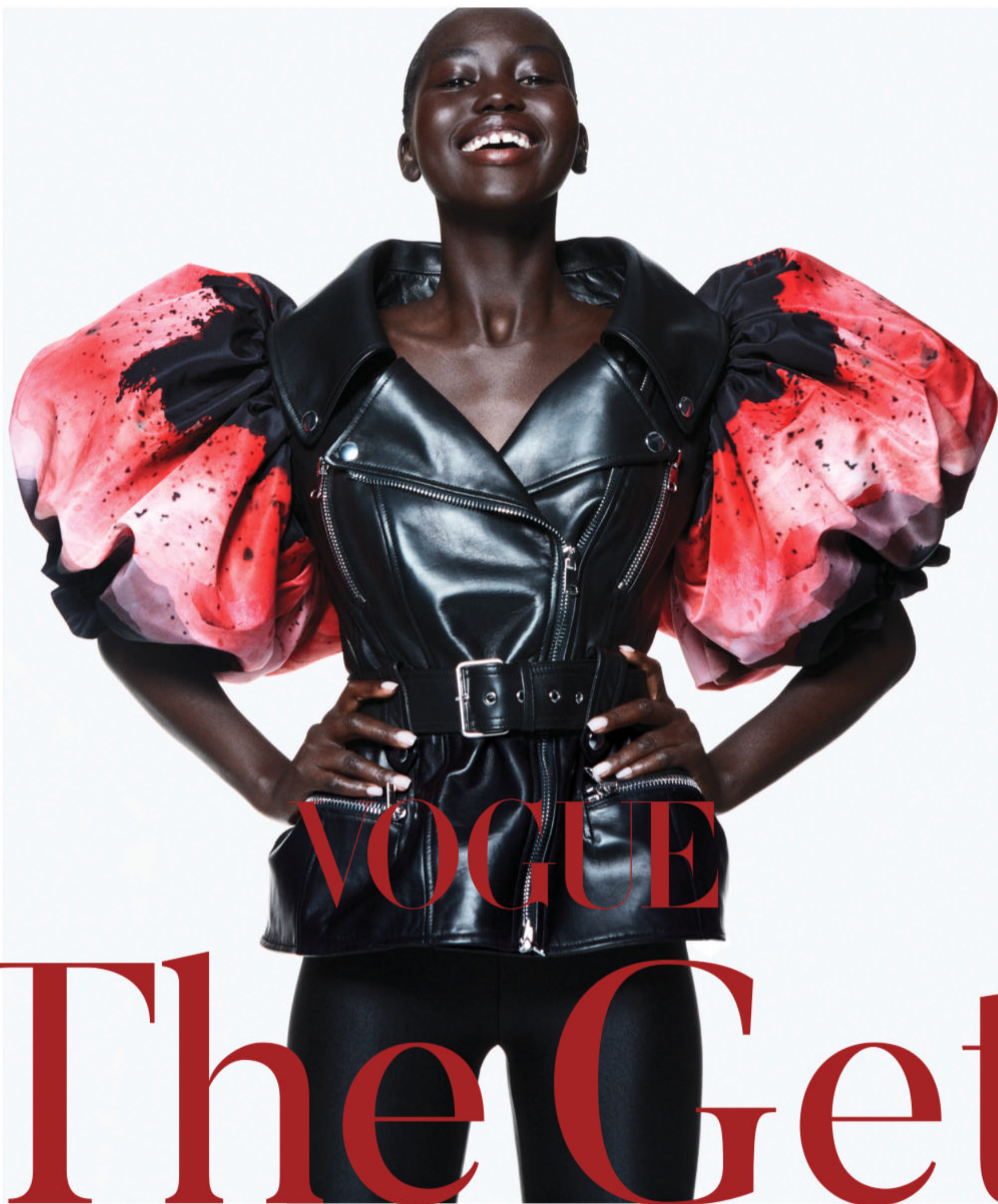


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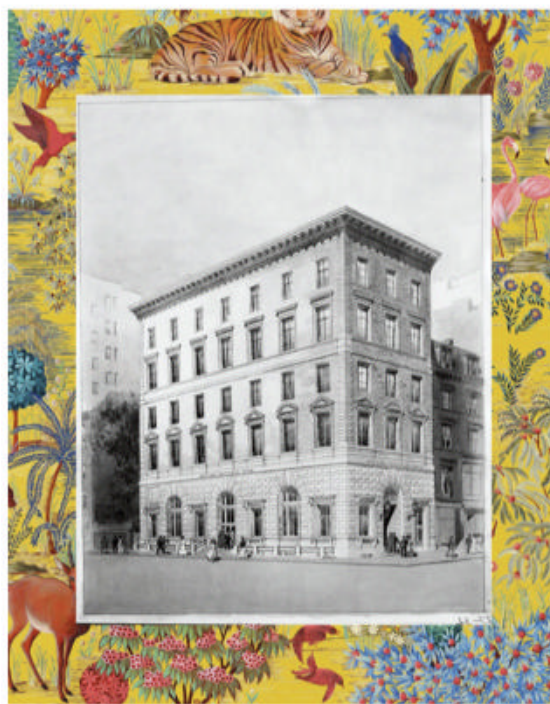
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by a glue-on-skin technique, Kendal likes to line the lash itself with Velour's Lash Adhesive before fitting it across the lid by hand. Jenna Lyons—who is enjoying a second act as the founder of LoveSeen, a line of user-friendly and customizable lashes that allow for interchangeable looks on a range of eye shapes—prefers to use her brand's applicator tool, which resembles an eyelash curler and helps lift the lash into position and secure it in place. “There was nothing in between,” Lyons says of the impetus for LoveSeen, which creates space for lash moments that aren't too subtle or too “vamped up.” Before she launched last year, the 52-year-old former J.Crew president and creative director rounded up a group of friends and used their lids as a blank canvas to try new combinations that embodied distinct points of view—from doll-like to earthy to edgy and punk-rock. A host of new mascaras offers similar flexibility for the strip-lash-averse, from Róen's Cake Mascara, with a uniquely fluffy brush that separates and boosts individual lashes for a gloriously full fringe, to the delicate, precise extension created by the curved wand in La Perla's mascara, part of the lingerie brand's debut makeup line.

Kendal actually suggests applying a base of mascara as a tinted anchor for false lashes, which I did, using Kjaer Weis's exceptional new organic formula before test-driving LoveSeen's Iris, a delicate, eye-opening curled style. In the mirror, framed by gently lush, doe-eyed filaments, my eyes carried a distinct magnetic charge that was invigorating. I felt glamorous, a word that has been missing from our collective vocabulary for far too long. Moving through the city with my eyes elegantly accessorized, I absorbed the intense, lingering, crisscrossing gazes of people heading to dinner, heading home from work, heading out to bars and clubs, making the city feel alive again, like a celebration with an open-ended guest list. At a private concert in a friend's SoHo loft later that night, someone I hadn't seen in years leaned in close to me to compliment my lashes. “Did I forget, or have I never noticed them before?” he asked. Another song was about to start, and rather than break the spell, I gave a languorous flutter of my lids and turned back to the music. □



## Stay Awhile

New hotels welcome visitors back to New York City.

THE NORTHWEST CORNER of 28th Street and Fifth Avenue in Manhattan has hosted many ventures in its long history. Once a Gilded Age family home, it was torn down to make way for a bank featuring a separate “ladies entrance” for the discreet transactions of female clients; more recently, it's been an office building housing everything from the International Silk Guild to the publisher of science periodicals. Soon, 250 Fifth Avenue, which has undergone a seven-year, \$200 million restoration, will reopen as the brand-new 153-room Fifth Avenue Hotel.

“It's highly emotional and highly romantic,” 31-year-old owner Alex Ohebshalom says of his NoMad passion project, whose ornate interiors were updated by maximalist designer Martin Brudnizki. Suites are swathed in jewel tones and soft velvets; Murano chandeliers hang from the ceilings. A ballroom will serve as the setting for weddings and tea ceremonies, and old bank vaults will double as wine cellars. “We imagined an eclectic collection of objects, art, and furnishings,” says Brudnizki. The eccentric homes of Stanford White—one of the bank's original architects—was an inspiration as well; White's great-great-granddaughter even helped Ohebshalom and Brudnizki go through his archives. “We want something that will be iconic in New York and regarded internationally,” Ohebshalom says.

International regard is something New York has never lacked, though it might have flagged during the dark days of the pandemic. (“New York City is dead forever,” proclaimed a 2020 headline in the *New York Post*; one account found New York's tourism industry lost 89,000 jobs in 2020.) But reports of the Big Apple's demise appear greatly exaggerated. This winter and spring, a number of new hotels will welcome visitors. The Ritz-Carlton is opening a new property, as is London-based member's club and hotel The Ned, which will take over the former NoMad hotel. Midtown recently welcomed Park Lane, complete with Yabu Pushelberg furniture, and an Aman will open on 57th Street in coming months. Tribeca is readying itself for the Warren Street Hotel (from the group behind SoHo's Crosby). Meanwhile, the Theater District sees the arrival of the luxurious Civilian, and The Ace just opened another buzzy outpost in Brooklyn. To paraphrase Dorothy Parker, New York is nothing if not hopeful.—ELISE TAYLOR



### ROOMS WITH A VIEW

The early-20th-century building that will become the Fifth Avenue Hotel; details from the interior.



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# A Bountiful Bookshelf

There's no better present than a good read.

**T**is the season for totally transporting photography books, and this year's offerings are thrilling. Annie Leibovitz gathers her most enchanting fashion imagery into **Wonderland** (Phaidon), while Simon Upton's first monograph, **New York Interiors** (Vendome), takes us inside more terrestrial domains, chronicling the many fashionable homes he's visited. Speaking of the fashionable: **Slim Aarons: Style** by Shawn Waldron and Kate Betts (Abrams) teems with photos of the chicest subjects of Aarons's fascination. From Aperture comes a different perspective with the haunting **Gregory Crewdson: Alone Street** and the deeply personal **Gillian Laub: Family Matters**, in which both artists consider questions of space, community, and culture. Nadine Ijewere's **Our Own Selves** (Prestel), meanwhile, magnifies an aesthetic vision inspired by her roots.

The artist's perspective more broadly is celebrated in **Spring Cannot Be Cancelled: David Hockney in Normandy** (Thames & Hudson), which is bursting with Hockney's saturated lockdown nature studies; **Judy Chicago: In the Making** (Thames & Hudson), which surveys an intrepid career of feminist art; **A Life of Picasso: The Minotaur Years, 1933-1943** (Knopf), the final chapter in John Richardson's epic and incisive series; and **Toyin Ojih Odutola: The UmuEze Amara Clan and the House of Obafemi** (Rizzoli), in which illustrated tales of two fictional Nigerian families are coupled with essays by Zadie Smith and other writers.

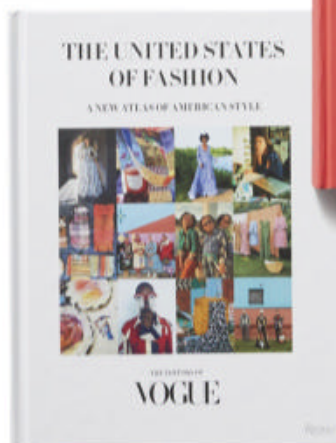
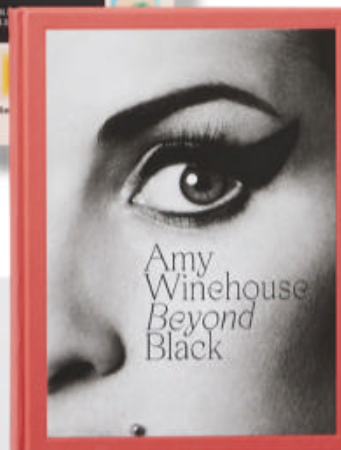
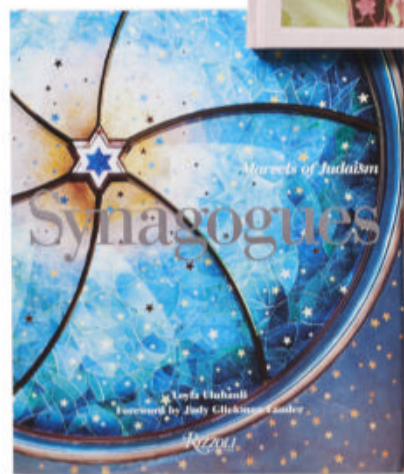
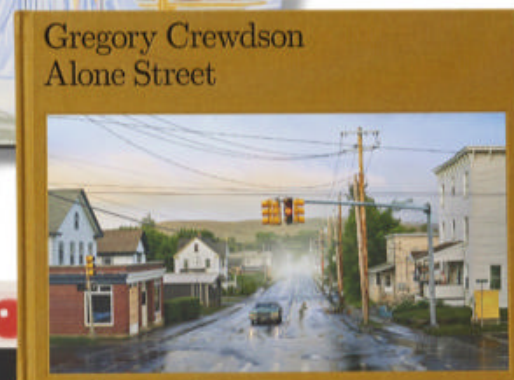
Memoirs and biographies are in similarly high supply: Franny Moyle's **The King's Painter: The Life of Hans Holbein** (Abrams), bidding readers to Tudor England; Ann Marks's riveting **Vivian Maier Developed: The Untold Story of the Photographer Nanny** (Atria Books); and Naomi Parry's **Amy Winehouse: Beyond Black** (Abrams), arriving 10 years after the singer's tragic death. Film fans will get a kick out of **Garbo** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) by Robert Gottlieb, a seductive portrait of one of Hollywood's most beguiling women, and **Solid Ivory: Memoirs** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), in which the director and

screenwriter James Ivory—one half of Merchant Ivory Productions—looks back on his life in cinema. For the writerly, there's **A Splendid Intelligence: The Life of Elizabeth Hardwick** (W. W. Norton) by Cathy Curtis, and for the fashion-mad, Caroline Bongrand's **Louis Vuitton: L'audacieux** (Editions Gallimard), a fictionalized account of Mr. Vuitton's life in 19th-century France, and Iain R. Webb's **Rebel Stylist: Caroline Baker—The Woman Who Invented Street Fashion** (ACC Art Books), capturing the brilliance of a rule-breaking fashion

editor. Other volumes train a wider lens on the creative classes. **The United States of Fashion: A New Atlas of American Style** (Rizzoli) celebrates American designers of all stripes; while **Taste Makers: Seven Immigrant Women Who Revolutionized Food in America**

(W. W. Norton) by Mayukh Sen and **New Native Kitchen: Celebrating Modern Recipes of the American Indian** (Abrams) by Freddie Bitsoie and James O. Fraioli add new flavor to the culinary catalog. **Sara Penn's Knobkerry: An Oral History Sourcebook** (SculptureCenter and New York Consolidated) by Svetlana Kitto takes us

into the downtown store's fascinating legacy, and in **Home: A Celebration** (Rizzoli), edited by Charlotte Moss, figures as wonderfully different as Julian Fellowes, Lee Radziwill, Gloria Steinem, and Al Roker all agree that there's no place like it—especially for the holidays.—MARLEY MARIUS





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## Blue Period

Denim—you may have noticed—is having a moment. Glenn Martens couldn't have timed his arrival at Diesel better. By Mark Holgate.

In 1995, the Italian brand Diesel created a groundbreaking advertising campaign that included, among other things, an image of two men kissing. Plenty of people sat up and took notice—not least the teenage Glenn Martens, who was living in Bruges, Belgium. “Diesel was the sexiest brand,” Martens recalls. “At high school, everybody was buying it. You could visit the Diesel store and get a catalog,” he continues, “and on the cover of one of them was that gay couple. That was quite revolutionary for me: It really helped me accept and embrace the person I am today.”

Fast-forward more than two decades and Martens, 38—the creative director

behind Y/Project, the Parisian label known for its rollicking elevation of streetwear and its subversive way with tailoring—has taken on another day job: creative director of Diesel, a role he has held since October 2020. (Actually, he now has three jobs, having agreed to design Jean-Paul Gaultier x Glenn Martens for couture for one season, showing next January.) Martens arrives just as jeans-mania is on a high, with the hottest of houses fixated

### INTO THE FRAY

Martens brings a soft, worn romanticism to his debut for the Italian label. Model Vittoria Ceretti wears a Diesel coat and shoes; diesel.com. Photographed by Angelo Pennetta.

on working with denim, in yet another example of old rules being upended. (See “True Blue,” page 158.)

Since joining Diesel, Martens has run at Mach speed, acclimating to a rigorously scheduled routine that sees him shuttling weekly between his airy 19th-century apartment in the once-gritty La Chapelle neighborhood on the outskirts of Paris to the company's high-tech HQ in Breganze, Italy. “It's super nice to work in this more organized way,” he says. “And I enjoy the traveling—I can focus on myself!”

Among the many things he now oversees, Martens has in quick order conceptualized a new archetype capsule called Denim Library. “I realized >104



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there wasn't a classic jeans jacket," he says of the collection, with its multiplicity of fits for all sorts of body types. "[With Library] these are pieces of timeless style for everyday life, which won't ever go on sale." This past June in Milan he made his runway debut, giving vent to his more experimental impulses: dramatic frayed-denim coats with distressing in diamond configurations; camo-print patched pants that morphed into boots; and shrunken mohair sweaters worn with long skirts crafted out of delicate, flowery gauze. All of this was shown on a diverse, multicultural cast of characters. ("It was really important that our models were there because of their social or environmental engagement," Martens says.)

When the designer signed with Diesel, uppermost in his mind was the belief that fashion should have agency in promoting progressive values and meaningful dialogue—something that

Diesel has pioneered ever since founder Renzo Rosso set the label up in 1978. (The maverick Rosso is now president of the brand's parent company.) "Renzo is *rock*," says Martens. "I love his attitude." He was also cognizant of the brand's scale: With more than

**"Maybe we can accelerate a little bit of change," Martens says**

500 stores worldwide and an annual turnover in the region of \$1.4 billion, being both creative and accountable was important to him. "I didn't want to just be a nice creative director, making nice things," he says, laughing. "I don't think anyone expected me to go into the fundamental processes."

By that he means his—and by extension, Diesel's—ramped-up com-

mitment to the environment. The Denim Library capsule, which is projected to account for more than 40 percent of sales, is certified sustainable, from its raw materials to the production and washes. (Being environmentally conscious means, for instance, a limit on the amount of colors the collection is offered in, as no bleach is used.) QR codes in the pockets will explain in detail the credentials of each piece.

Yet Martens is also aware of the need to spread the message of sustainability far and wide and not just preach to the converted. "The great thing about being here is I can talk with people who find Diesel sexy, who feel that Diesel is part of their language," he says. "And thanks to that—and thanks to maybe Instagram and Facebook, and all the things in the world that have a voice—maybe we can accelerate a little bit of change." □

## Vase Value

A pandemic-prompted reset led Laird Gough to the potter's wheel.

IN EARLY LOCKDOWN 2020, when many were toiling away with amateur handicrafts to quell pandemic anxieties, Laird Gough became convinced she needed to throw pottery. Gough and her family were primarily New York-based, but in the car on her way down to Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains, she ordered a potter's wheel. This was no fleeting distraction—in 2019, Gough, who built a career producing events for Ralph Lauren and Tory Burch, had completed a workshop with renowned ceramist Keith Kreeger, and planned to continue classes. Gough set up shop in a barn near her family's late-18th-century clapboard farmhouse

and resumed her education with YouTube tutorials. The results are striking porcelain vessels meant to complement their organic contents; a graceful lip might echo the petal of a calla lily, a wider mouth might better host hydrangeas. Her creations are muted in their palette (powdery blues, miso beiges, or a swirl of indigo) and an easy addition to any living space. When Gough showcased her wares in Manhattan, she sold out in one day. Since then, she's secured a studio and gallery in Tribeca, but she brings the patience she's cultivated at the potter's wheel to the accelerating venture. "I just try to take everything really slow," she says. —LILAH RAMZI



### BEHIND THE WHEEL

LEFT: A swirling design. RIGHT: Gough's creations photographed at her home in Virginia.



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# In Good Hands

A new class of at-home devices purports to lift, smooth, de-puff, re-plump, and revive pandemic-weary complexions. But can anything this easy be that effective? asks Maya Singer.

**T**he internet runs on hyperbole, so when the tweet “J.Lo SLAYS” flashed before my eyes this past July, I took it with a grain of salt. When I inevitably clicked through to Jennifer Lopez’s birthday Instagram post, her caption—“52...what it do”—sat below selfies of the world’s most radiant middle-aged megastar posing in a string bikini on a yacht in St. Tropez. The online mob was fixated on the shot of Lopez smooching her once-and-current boyfriend, Ben Affleck. But for me, the story was her skin. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that my own birthday was two weeks away, but as I zoomed in on Lopez’s creaseless, perfectly contoured face, I became consumed by the idea that whatever J.Lo had done to fend off the ravages of age, I needed to do, too. Some of this was unattainable: I couldn’t go back in time and un-smoke cigarettes or apply more sunscreen in my youth. Nor do I share her superhuman genes, or—frankly—her commitment to *sano*, short for the Spanish phrase *vivir sano*, to live healthily, which is a key ethos of the eight-piece skin-care line J.Lo debuted earlier this year, by popular demand. What I *could* do was acquire a microcurrent device like the one Lopez reportedly purchased back in 2013—in her case, a \$25,000 Caci Ultimate, a machine usually found at a spa, and in my case, the handheld Ziip, a \$495 gadget developed by facialist-to-the-stars Melanie Simon.

Sleek as an iPhone and controlled by an app with 10 different facial-toning settings, the Ziip is just one of a fast-expanding range of high-tech skin-care tools made for at-home use. Microcurrent’s not your thing? Fend off acne and inflammation with an LED mask by Dr. Dennis Gross, which purports to calm, clear, and de-wrinkle skin while making you look like a demon in a horror flick (according to my boyfriend). Maybe you’re not into light therapy. In that case, try the Magic Glow Wand, a massager created by bicoastal facialist Joanna Vargas, which features hot and cold settings meant to approximate the steam and cryotherapy included in her signature treatments. There are also collagen-boosting microneedlers (more prickly than painful, and not to be overused); buffing/polishing

microdermabraders (ditto); and skin-tightening at-home multipolar radio frequency devices (what?!).

“I think people are a little overwhelmed,” acknowledges New York dermatologist Ellen Marmur, M.D., who created her light-emitting MMSphere 2.0—which offers four different colors of glow, each with its own alleged benefit—to help her patients maintain their in-office results between appointments. “There’s such a variety of devices coming to market now—you can wind up choosing blindly if you don’t understand the technology,” says Marmur, alluding to the spiking interest in these skin-care gadgets, which locked-down consumers have flocked to with gusto. (Sales at the multi-brand skin-tech e-tailer CurrentBody were up more than 180 percent in the past year alone.) Marmur goes on to give me a much-needed primer in LED light therapy, which operates at a cellular level, and elicits different reactions depending on color: The antibacterial blue light in the MMSphere is used for treating acne, for example, while red light may help build collagen for a smoother, plumper appearance. Microcurrent, meanwhile, trains your facial muscles “the same way you work out the muscles in your body at the gym,” adds Tera Peterson, who launched NuFace—the first at-home microcurrent apparatus—with her mother, former Golden Door esthetician Carol Cole, in 2005. “If you’re starting to see sagging around the jawline, that’s when you want to use it.”

My first exposure to these technologies was a decade ago, when I capped off a Joanna Vargas facial with a trip to her newly installed Revitalight bed. Vargas informed me at the time that repetition is the key to LED light therapy’s effectiveness, whether the aim is shrinking pores or promoting collagen production; back then, I couldn’t afford the recommended 12-session package, and even now, I find the \$150-per-session expense hard to justify. “That’s the real promise of these at-home tools—they’re a convenient, cost-effective way to create consistency,” Vargas told me when I returned to her Fifth Avenue salon for a tune-up this summer via the Triple Crown Facial. Vargas administered several modalities with a loving hand as huge radio >110



frequency and microcurrent machines whirled in the background, and mechanical compression stockings sucked on my legs to stimulate lymphatic drainage. There was no way I could reproduce this experience in my living room, but after a 20-minute rest in the LED bed—meditative, if a bit claustrophobic—and another five minutes analyzing my noticeably toned and all-around radiant face in the bathroom mirror, I was determined to try: I'd make a religion of using Vargas's Magic Glow Wand and any other devices I could get my hands on, I swore, if it meant I could look this good every day.

The easiest treatment to fit into my skin-care-slacker lifestyle, I reasoned, was LED: I liked the idea that I could possibly improve circulation and reduce inflammation by passively bathing in the MMSphere's glow, or by popping on CurrentBody's flexible mask (less "horror-y" than Dr. Gross's, per my boyfriend). Other devices were more labor-intensive. Although I was assured by Simon that, once I got the hang of my favorite Ziiip treatments, I could do them while I watched TV, I never progressed past needing the online video tutorials as a guide. New York facialist Georgia Louise's celeb-approved microneedling device, the Hollywood EGF, required a similar choreography of circumnavigating my face and neck with gadget in hand, but rather than forcing muscles to contract, as microcurrent does, the needles cause minor trauma to the skin—allegedly boosting collagen production as a healing response. I was relieved to find that the EGF needles were shorter and much less painful than those once jabbed into my face by an esthetician (getting professionally microneedled was one of the most agonizing experiences of my life). But the fact that they merely tingled my skin made me wonder if the practice was actually doing any good.

"A true microneedling device has to penetrate at a 90-degree angle, and go in deep enough to penetrate the collagen," notes Evan Rieder, M.D., a dermatologist and psychiatrist practicing in New York City. "It has to draw blood." Rieder is suspicious of the science behind the new wave of at-home devices—indeed, he doesn't believe it's science at all, because there's not yet data to back up most of the claims. "The evidence is all anecdotal," he says. "There's a huge difference between the devices being sold for personal use and what you'd find at a doctor's office. If they're safe to use at home, that probably means they're not that powerful." The best you can hope for, Rieder continues, is maintenance of the skin between professional treatments—and that's if you're diligent and consistent over a long period of time. A product like the \$149 SolaWave Wand, which fits both microcurrent and LED technology into a gizmo the scale and shape of a disposable razor, claims to do just that. "Maybe you go a little longer between sessions," says Miami- and New York City-based esthetician Shamara Bondaroff, a fan of the device and a microcurrent true believer. "Post-lockdown, I've got a lot of clients coming in with these at-home tools and asking me to show them what to do. And you can learn my method," says Bondaroff, "although, you know, it's nice to lie down and have somebody do it for you."

Aesthetics aside, there's an indulgence factor in having someone tenderly care for your face that no at-home device can ever replicate

And that's the thing: Aesthetics aside, there's an indulgence factor in having someone tenderly care for your face that no at-home device can ever replicate. Even when it was easy and pleasurable, I never got the same dopamine rush from my self-care that I did from having Bondaroff feather a microcurrent wand around my forehead, as though dusting away my fine lines. And there were times when ministering to my skin felt like a chore, more beauty labor forced on me by a society that won't let women age. Every so often, however, I'd catch a glimpse of my reflection and think, Yes, maybe I do look more J.Lo-esque—at which point, I'd return to my gadgets with a renewed sense of purpose.

The device I have returned to the most is the Lyma Laser, which uses painless "cold laser" technology developed as a remedy for decaying tendons and cartilage to theoretically rebuild slack and dull skin. Touted as a miracle worker by fans in its native Britain, it is currently being reviewed for regulatory approval Stateside. I quickly mastered the company's suggested sequence of massaging strokes, and thus could absentmindedly laser myself while enjoying *The White Lotus*. But—and apropos Dr. Rieder, this is entirely anecdotal—my consistency with the Lyma was prompted by seeing results. "I try everything and I am so, so skeptical, but honest to

God, the Lyma has changed my face," says Romy Soleimani, a makeup artist whose clients include Cara Delevingne and Alicia Keys. "And it's not just me seeing it—I'm getting compliments from friends, and even my husband was like, 'Did you do something?'"

Celebrity esthetician Joanna Czech is another Lyma acolyte, and has signed on as the brand's U.S. ambassador. "Because they've eliminated the heat, it works on skin in all conditions,"

she says, which could be especially good news for her darker-complected clients, as ablative lasers can be harmful when used on melanated skin. According to Czech, the Lyma diminished both her rosacea and the hyperpigmentation she normally observes after summer sun exposure, and she's seen other benefits as well. "It reduces inflammation, and when you do that, you reduce the signs of aging," she says.

So is the Lyma Laser the silver bullet we've all been waiting for? With its \$2,499 price tag, it probably should be.

"You still need microcurrent—you don't do laser instead of your workout," Czech points out. "And you still need good habits. But, you know, you've got to be reasonable," she adds. No device can turn back the clock. "I don't think we'll ever get to a point where there's one thing that gets rid of deep lines. Maybe, if you improve elasticity, you lose the fine lines around the eyes. And shouldn't that be enough?"

It is for me: Ironically, testing all these at-home devices helped me make peace with the idea that I was never, ever going to achieve J.Lo's satiny skin, for the simple reason that I've got other priorities; looking good is not my job. Peering again at her birthday Instagram, I now wonder if the magic I perceived had nothing to do with her face, and everything to do with her attitude. No device on earth can produce that kind of confidence—but, maybe, having the power to take your skin care into your own hands can build it up, like so much collagen, just a little bit at a time. □



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# Sketch Artist

After making his couture debut, Hollywood's favorite tattoo maestro is inking a new chapter—and a skin-care line is just the beginning.

BRIAN WOO, A.K.A. DR. WOO, a.k.a. “Woo” to those in the know, is sitting among a dizzying array of art and ephemera in his studio at the Hollywood Roosevelt hotel: A multimedia sculpture from his friend Nick van Woert is perched next to *Sesame Street* dolls designed by the artist KAWS and opposite a fiberglass chair Woo made with Los Angeles furniture company Modernica. “I always had a creative scope where nothing really landed in just one medium,” Woo explains, tugging at a Goro’s necklace—“a good, under-the-cut hit,” he says of the cultish piece of jewelry he scored at the late Goro Takahashi’s Harajuku store.

The medium for which he is best known, of course, is skin, and his work appears on some of the world’s most famous: Cara Delevingne’s rib, Miley Cyrus’s bicep, Bella Hadid’s shoulder, Justin Bieber’s neck. Woo’s tattoos are elegant and hyperrealistic. Striking in depth and detail, they frequently merge the graphic and the organic. “Anything that has a contrasted visual duality is cool to me,” he says, “like how Mexico City is this beautiful city engulfed in a jungle.” His slim-needle artistry was cultivated over 12 years at Shamrock Social Club, Sunset Boulevard’s storied tattoo parlor, and it

has arguably changed tattoos from emblems of punk insubordination to ubiquitous accessories that are often accumulated like dainty pieces of permanent fine art. “There is no one like him in the world,” stylist Karla Welch says of Woo, whom she met through Bieber and who etched a safety pin on the inside of her wrist, a symbol of where her life has taken her. “He’s also an honest person and genuinely nice,” adds Sacai creative director Chitose Abe, who commissioned Woo to refresh Jean Paul Gaultier’s ’90s-era tattoo shirts when she was tapped by the French house to helm its fall 2021 couture collection earlier this year. Woo’s chains, eyes, orbs, angels, and swooping birds were printed onto jersey-base layers, which allowed spiderwebs and angel wings to peek out from underneath Abe’s blazers and dresses. “I knew he would

reimagine Gaultier’s designs in a modern and elegant way,” Abe says of Woo, whose personal style mixes ready-to-wear heavyweights, limited-run streetwear, discerning Japanese labels, and vintage accessories.

## SKIN IN THE GAME

ABOVE: Dr. Woo at his work table in Los Angeles. BEHIND: The designs Woo created for Chitose Abe’s Jean Paul Gaultier couture show.

ILLUSTRATION: DR. WOO’S ARTWORK FOR SACA FOR JEAN PAUL GAULTIER. PHOTO: RICK RODNEY / COURTESY OF DR. WOO.



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“How do I take something so simple and make it different?” Woo regularly asks himself. It’s a question that is the crux of Projectwoo, a development studio that he recently debuted alongside a less-is-more skin-care line. The collection includes a gentle, three-ingredient soap, a green tea–infused daily moisturizer, a lip balm, and a tattoo aftercare treatment that “is good for anyone, whether you have tattoos or not,” notes Woo, who once struggled with sensitive skin and allergies, conditions that made it difficult to care for his own tattoos when he started collecting them as a teenager. Next year, Projectwoo will release a fragrance-free sunscreen that doesn’t leave behind a white cast. It follows a body wash, lightly scented with eucalyptus and citrus, that the brand just dropped in collaboration with Japanese shower-towel brand Goshi, “not so much for the tattoos that you just got, but for the ones you’ve had for years, to help exfoliate in the shower and make them pop,” he says.

Woo remains hyper-selective about his collaborations having learned to be wary of oversaturation at Shamrock Social Club. “In that shop, I saw celebrities fizzle real quick, because everything was about chasing that one excess moment. I don’t want to burn out,” he says of seeking new



#### APPLY HERE

Projectwoo’s three-ingredient soap and calming shea butter- and chamomile-infused tattoo aftercare treatment were recently joined by a body wash. A sunscreen is in the works for next year.



and interesting ways to leverage his artistry. This spring, after a decade of building an impressive Hollywood client roster, the 40-year-old father of two will get his own taste of the industry when he voices a character based on his younger self in HBO Max’s *Chinos*, a new animated series about two Chinese American kids that Woo developed with comedian Eddie Huang. “‘Dr. Woo: Celebrity Tattoo Artist’ has been the tagline for 10 years now,” he says. “I’m just looking for a newer way to tell the story.” —MOLLY CREEDEN

## Dual Perspective

The latest from two celebrated directors.



THE DELIGHT OF A NEW Pedro Almodóvar film is its unpredictability. Will it be transgressive, madcap, hilarious, chilly, erotic—or all of these things? The 72-year-old Spanish director’s last movie, *Pain and Glory*, was startlingly

autobiographical, and featured a glowingly human performance from Antonio Banderas as a director in an emotional spiral. *Parallel Mothers*, in theaters this month, feels like a sibling to that lovely, elegiac film—given the magisterial performance at its center from another longtime Almodóvar muse, Penélope Cruz. She’s Janis, a photographer and one of two new mothers in a domestic melodrama that offers jolting twists and reversals. Cruz’s firework charisma lights the proceedings, as does that of newcomer Milena Smit, who plays Ana, a younger mother, whose life becomes knotted with Janis’s. The movie is bursting with color, talk, cooking, and love affairs. It’s about the bonds and derangements of motherhood, and—as the shadow of politics descends—the deceptive comforts of bourgeois life.

#### HEART TO HEART

Milena Smit and Penélope Cruz in *Parallel Mothers*.

A new Jane Campion movie is another cause for celebration. *The Power of the Dog*, in theaters and on Netflix this month, represents Campion’s triumphant return to filmmaking after a decade-long hiatus. Set in lonesome Montana in 1925, it tells the story of a pair of cattle-ranching brothers who cope with the solitude of their work in very different ways. George (a buttoned-up Jesse Plemons) manages to romance a local widow, Rose (Kirsten Dunst), into marrying him. His brother, Phil (Benedict Cumberbatch), unbridled and terrifyingly intelligent, wants nothing to do with George’s conventionality. He is interested, however, in tormenting Rose’s teenage son, Peter (Kodi Smit-McPhee), whose quiet confidence unbalances the film in unexpected ways. Loaded with tension, both violent and sexual, *The Power of the Dog* is a gloriously observed portrait of human yearning. —TAYLOR ANTRIM



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## Hot for the Aughts

Liana Satenstein takes the retro-*riche* charms of Blumarine for a bedazzled spin around the city.

While making the rounds of shows during New York Fashion Week in September, I decided to shake up my wardrobe: Gone were the sweatpants I'd been cocooning in for what seemed like forever, and gone was my all-black, shiva-sitting uniform of the era before that—I wanted to bloom into a butterfly, and I wanted Blumarine to be my rhinestone-embellished wings. In its tiny, faux-fur-collared yellow shrug above low-slung cargos, I was suddenly transformed into a Y2K *principessa* with a little slice of midriff and a whole lot of attitude, whether on my way uptown to Batsheva or riding a Citi Bike over the Williamsburg Bridge to Eckhaus Latta in Bushwick.

There's just something about Blumarine that makes a woman radiate saucy confidence. The Italian label, founded by Carpi native Anna Molinari and her late husband, Gianpaolo Tarabini, in 1977, has always seemed to have a secret ingredient that makes men sweat. Molinari's body-skimming dresses and itty-bitty cardigans were sensual and bold, and when Nicola Brognano, 31, was appointed



creative director in 2019, he injected some modern sass to the storied glam, which has been catnip for TikTok and Instagram. Blumarine's teeny cardigans were now tinier than ever, belt buckles came with a fat, gaudy-chic *B*, and peel-them-off pants sported trippy floral prints.

"I want the women to feel sexy, seductive, playful, and not so serious," Brognano told me over Zoom in his charming Italian lilt. "When she enters a room, everyone can see this girl—because she is fabulous."

No doubt. Having been cooped up for months, I've wanted to live on a midriff-exposing, bust-revealing, Rico Suave-glazed edge. No one wants to move through life in dull sweats (or even tired-looking cashmere sweaters)—especially not me. Brognano's Blumarine revival was the perfect post-pandemic sartorial recipe for those who wanted to reenter this world with a bejeweled finish. (We're seeing more flash like this elsewhere on the runway, too, from high-octane monograms at Fendace to Polly Pocket mini-skirts at Miu Miu.)

These are clothes in sync with those of us who had spent the pandemic sifting through the archives of the early aughts and thinking about literally brighter days—when we were teenagers, feasting our eyes on low-rise Britney and bedazzled Paris Hilton.

Wearing the showy, chemical-hued label is not for the faint of heart—but once I shimmied into my outfit and allowed myself to sink into its delicious boldness, it virtually main-lined confidence. During Fashion Week, I was suddenly a glossy hottie who liked to have fun (in a cute, flirty cardigan). I was a street style snack with a whole visual meal to offer! At Eckhaus Latta, a photographer—they usually find me easy to miss—even plucked me out of a show line to snap a pic, while a colleague pronounced my look "fab." Later in the week, when I somehow found myself surrounded by cannoli-cramming tourists at the San Gennaro festival in Little Italy, I was suddenly a babe in a cropped cardigan whose mission was to look *bellissima*. Let's just say it: I was *seen*. Call me the belle of the Blumarine ball. □

### GO BOLD OR GO HOME

LEFT: The author wears a Blumarine cardigan, pants, and bag. Photographed by Mayan Toledano.

ABOVE: Model Liya Kebede, also in Blumarine, photographed by Steven Klein, *Vogue*, 2005.





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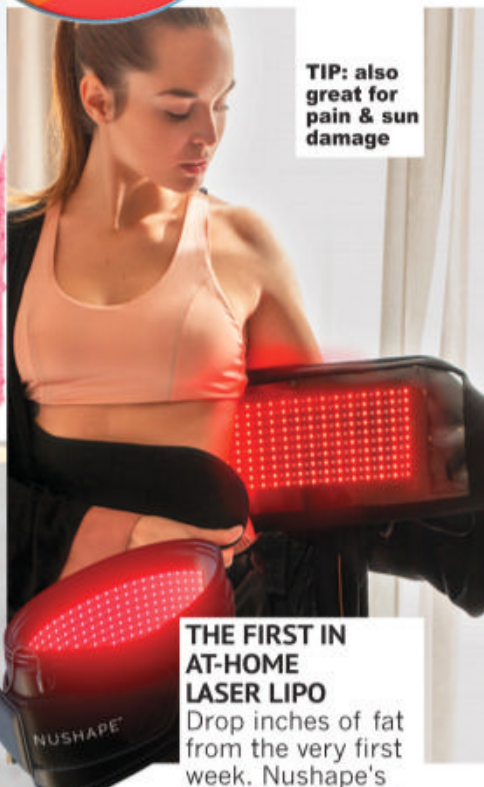


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# Carried Away

With an unforgettable role, Sarah Jessica Parker defined a way of being glamorous, fallible, and lovable all at once.

Now, as Carrie Bradshaw returns, she's ready to do it all over again. By Naomi Fry. Photographed by Dan Jackson.

## RARE BIRD

"Fourteen-year-old girls walking the dog with their dads call out to me, 'I can't wait!'" Parker says. Valentino Haute Couture hat. Tiffany & Co. earring. Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.









Sarah Jessica Parker is making the bed: With her back to me, she pulls the under sheet taut in swift, practiced gestures, fluffs up the pillows, and spreads the comforter just so, before stepping back to observe her handiwork. Suddenly sensing that I've entered the room, she whirls around and smiles. "Oh, hi!" she says. "I'm sorry, I just had to straighten up here." Despite her glamorous looks—her blonde hair pulled back in a sleek bun and her full-skirted vintage dress worn over a leopard-print button-down, all accessorized with a pair of high, glittering block-heel pumps, a model from her SJP shoe line—she seems more than anything a diligent, efficient mom making sure things are under control at home. ("That bed thing is *so* her," the Bravo host Andy Cohen tells me later of his good friend's conscientiousness. "That bed needs to get made, and so she's going to do it.")

Parker, however, is not at the West Village town house that she shares with her husband, the actor Matthew Broderick, and their 12-year-old twin daughters, Tabitha and Loretta (the couple's son, James Wilkie, recently left home for college), nor is the bed her own. It belongs to Carrie Bradshaw, the character Parker has been most closely associated with throughout her career. It is hard to overestimate the iconicity of *Sex and the City*, which ran on HBO for six seasons, between 1998 and 2004, and later yielded two movie sequels. For a generation of women, the show almost single-handedly defined, in ways both poignant and comedic, distressing and dazzling, what it means to navigate the challenges and triumphs of friendship, love, and career, through the interlocking stories of four best friends in turn-of-the-millennium NYC. "It was a show about glamorous women who often find themselves in unglamorous situations, and about how that's not the end of the world," the actor and writer Tavi Gevinson tells me. "Watching it in high school gave me

my first glimpse into adulthood, into womanhood, into what it's like to live in New York."

And now, we have a new chapter—*And Just Like That...*, a 10-episode sequel series that has brought Parker, once again, to Carrie's beloved one-bedroom, rebuilt on a set at Brooklyn's Steiner Studios. The show, which is due this month on HBO Max, and on which Parker is an executive producer, has been greeted by *SATC* fans with an anticipation approaching frenzy. Returning will be Parker, as the freewheeling, ambivalently independent freelance writer turned podcaster Carrie; Cynthia Nixon as the no-nonsense attorney Miranda; and Kristin Davis as the winningly prim stay-at-home mom Charlotte. (Kim Cattrall, who played the lusty PR maven Samantha, is the only member of

"I had all of the original stuff in my own storage. Furniture, clothes, everything, packed according to season and episode and scene," Parker says. "I kept every single solitary thing"

the original foursome who will not be reprising her role, having fired some shots at her former costars online in recent years, in what the tabloids have characterized as a "feud." "We have some new people, and we have some people who aren't back anymore," Parker says diplomatically.) Since shooting began in July, details about the new series have been kept under tight wraps, with a vigilance more usually accorded to Top Secret state files. This, of course, has only stoked public excitement: TikToks and Instagrams of the actors shooting on location have been analyzed with a kremlinologist's dedication. Does a scene for which some of the extras are

dressed in black suggest that a main character would be killed off, and if so, who? (Samantha? Carrie's husband, Mr. Big? Her former paramour, Aidan?) "I'm going to leave you very unsatisfied," Parker says, friendly but firm, when I attempt to prod her for details. When I call Michael Patrick King, a producer and writer of *SATC* who has now returned to showrun the new series, he is similarly mum. "I'm not going to tell you because I also wouldn't tell you what I got you for Christmas," he says. "You can see the package, and it's gorgeous. Why would I ruin the surprise?"

Fair! And yet, I *am* lucky enough to be allowed into the inner sanctum—the set of Carrie's apartment, surely the dream of any *SATC* enthusiast. "Wait, you get to actually be *inside* her place from the show? That's crazy!"

my daughter's babysitter, Lyla, exclaims when she hears the news. At 21, she is part of *SATC*'s younger demographic, barely born when the series first aired, who have grown familiar with it via streaming. "Every time we shoot on location, maybe 50 women wait

at the end of the day to say hi to the ladies, and they're all between the ages of 25 and 30," King tells me. "Fourteen-year-old girls walking the dog with their dads call out to me, 'I can't wait!'" Parker says. "I think young women still really relate to this story. It's about finding friendships that matter, looking for work that fulfills you, and pursuing love, even when it drags you, bloodied, down the street."

Lyla, in any case, has the right idea: There is something irresistible and a little dislocating about being in a real-life space that I have watched so many times onscreen. Barring the studios' open-roof plan, and the sounds of frequent drilling and sawing from nearby sets in progress—"There's a lot of magic here, but also a lot of really hard work," Parker says—I feel for a moment as if I'm on the Upper East Side, or at least its TV version, and that Parker might settle down at any moment, perhaps wearing something fabulous if a little odd (men's

#### HOME AGAIN

The sequel series *And Just Like That...* begins streaming on HBO Max this month. Sarah Jessica Parker in an Alexander McQueen dress. Christopher John Rogers corset top and skirt. Haute Victoire necklace.







briefs? A hunting cap? A velour tube top?), light up a cig, and tap out one of her famous “I couldn’t help but wonder”s on her laptop.

At this point Parker’s story is a familiar one. One of eight siblings from Cincinnati, she began performing as a child, moving to New York and working onstage and onscreen as a jobbing actor for years, before achieving real stardom as Carrie, in her mid-30s. It is also a truism to note how different she herself is from her *SATC* alter ego. Parker has none of Carrie’s caution-to-the-wind willfulness and changeability: She’s unfailingly, sincerely gracious. (“Sarah is one of those people who never forgets anyone,” Cohen says.) She’s curious and thoughtful. (“Soon after we met, she asked me what Nepalese food tastes like,” her friend, the designer Prabal Gurung, who was raised in Kathmandu, tells me. “And two days later, I get a phone call, and she says, ‘Let’s go,’ and picks me up to go to a Nepalese restaurant in Queens. In 12 years in the fashion industry, no one else has done that for me. She’s the sort of person who really sees you.”) She never curses, preferring to use “stinking” or “freaking” instead of their stronger counterparts, and sprinkles her speech with old-timey expressions (“Thanks a million!”).

She’s also famously hardworking, the first one to the *AJLT* set, the last one out. “Sarah has a million obligations, personal and professional, and she gets an A+ on all of them,” says Cynthia Nixon. “Carrie doesn’t have a lot of responsibilities, and she doesn’t always make the best decisions. When we’re shooting a restaurant scene, Sarah won’t order a salad or a steak; she’ll be like, ‘too sensible for Carrie.’ She’ll order escargots instead.” It’s been four months of 15-hour shoot days for Parker, and next week she’ll be heading straight to the Rhode Island set of Disney’s *Hocus Pocus 2*, before careening back to New York in the new year to open Neil Simon’s *Plaza Suite*

#### ON LOCATION

Parker wears a Chanel coat.  
Dior dress.















“Especially on social media: It’s ‘She has too many wrinkles, she doesn’t have enough wrinkles.’ It almost feels as if people don’t want us to be perfectly okay with where we are”

on Broadway alongside Broderick, a production that was shut down by COVID on the eve of its original premiere in March 2020. There’s also the wine label she runs and her SJP line of handmade-in-Italy footwear. (The celebrity-spotting Instagram account @deuxmoi has more than once included accounts of Parker herself on her hands and knees, buckling a customer’s shoe at one of the company’s New York stores.) “How can I even complain when I know what’s going on in this country, and how it’s failed working parents?” Parker responds when I asked her how she, quote unquote, gets it all done. “I don’t have any tips and tricks, except that I’m incredibly fortunate that I have childcare and a partner, because so many mothers who work two and three jobs do not.”

That said, being remarkably organized can’t hurt. Back to the apartment tour. “I had all of the original stuff in my own storage. Furniture, clothes, everything, packed according to season and episode and scene,” Parker says. She points out the black rotary phone on a peeling white chair by the bed, the round midcentury coffee table, the stacks of old *Vogue* magazines crowding the bookshelves, all as familiar to me as objects from a dream. But it is when she leads me into Carrie’s walk-in closet that I sense my life nearly flashing before my eyes. “I kept every single solitary thing,” Parker tells me. She begins to rifle through the items, now hanging neatly in the wardrobe. She pulls out the pair of tiny bedazzled Dolce & Gabbana briefs, featured in the

season four episode in which Carrie wipes out on the runway; the white denim cutoffs she wore when smoking a bong with her much younger comics-store-clerk boyfriend in season three; the tawny fur coat she bundled up in when sitting on a stoop with the golden-showers-loving politician she briefly dated, also in season three. And then, of course, there are the vertiginous Manolos: “Here are the Hangisis Big gave Carrie when he proposed; the sandals Aidan’s dog chewed on; the black pumps she wore to the *Vogue* fashion closet....” But wait, I ask, doesn’t Carrie live with Big? What does she need this apartment with all this stuff in it for? Parker pauses, turning away for a moment from her spectacular cache. “One of the questions that’s going to come up in *And Just Like That*... will be, What is it about a place like this that you need to hold on to for all these years?” she finally says. “Why can’t you just let it go?”

**T**his question can be taken literally, as in, how many archival Anna Sui slips, Prada clutches, and DVF wrap dresses does one need to keep, in a separate one-bedroom, no less, on this journey we call life? But there is also a larger, more symbolic matter here, of course. Have the changes in our modern circumstances—political, social, environmental—made the question of revisiting Carrie, Miranda, and Charlotte moot? Wouldn’t it be more appropriate to just let them go? “In the spring of 2020, I was talking with Michael Patrick about doing a podcast about the behind-the-scenes making of *Sex and the City*,” Parker, who has settled into one of Carrie’s old chairs in her living room,

#### FULL FEATHER

“The world of Carrie and her friends has always been about coming home, and I felt like we needed that right now.” Fendi Couture dress. Dior Fine Jewelry earrings.



### SHE'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

Libertine coat and hat. Fendi handbag.

SJP by Sarah Jessica Parker shoes.

In this story: hair, Chris McMillan; makeup,

Elaine Offers. Set design, Julia Wagner.

Details, see In This Issue.

tells me. “And we spoke about what we were missing in the pandemic: joy, community, the experience of being together. The world of Carrie and her friends has always been about coming home, and I felt like we needed that right now.” I tell Parker how, when I moved to the States from Israel two decades ago to go to graduate school, where I didn’t know a single person, one of the first things I bought was a full DVD set of *SATC*, because it reminded me of watching it with my girlfriends back in Tel Aviv. “*Sex and the City* has always been about the friendships that sustain you,” Parker says, nodding. “That, and the promise and potential this city holds.” When I speak to Kristin Davis, she is even bolder. “People are like, ‘Why should they come back?’ and it really bugs me. Are women’s lives not interesting now? Nobody ever asks, ‘Why would you do this violent remake over and over again?’ For me that is so indicative of our reluctance to sit and watch women’s lives develop over time.”

Parker is aware, however, that in 2021, a show in which a group of wealthy straight white women parade around the Upper East Side toting fistfuls of luxury-emporium shopping bags would not be reflective of where New York is right now—post-COVID, post-BLM. (“The incredible lack of diversity was the Achilles’ heel of the show, the first time around,” Nixon tells me.) It was important to both Parker and King to diversify the cast as well as the writers room. The Black actors Nicole Ari Parker and Karen Pittman have been brought on, as have Sara Ramírez, who is Mexican American and nonbinary, and Sarita Choudhury, who is of English and Bengali-Indian descent. “In no way were we interested in tokenism,” Sarah Jessica says. “You can’t bring people on the show and not let the camera be with them! These characters are all gifts to us.” When I talk to Ramírez, they confirm Parker’s view. “Sarah Jessica came into this project with

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## LIGHT WORK

The 18th-century house that Galliano shares with his partner, Alexis Roche, sits in Gerberoy, a quaint village some 50 miles northwest of Paris. "It's like you stopped time," says Roche.

Sittings Editor:  
Hamish Bowles.

# Let the Sunshine In

In Northern France, John Galliano has created a home befitting the idiosyncratic beauty of his tenure at Maison Margiela. Hamish Bowles pays a call to the treasure-filled hideaway.

Photographed by François Halard.







#### DREAM CATCHER

Galliano—seen with his Brussels Griffon terriers Coco and Gypsy—worked with the landscape designer Camille Muller on the house's English-inspired garden, which is punctuated by a small lily pond.

“I can’t miss a market or a *brocante*,” says Maison Margiela’s creative director, John Galliano. “I’m very curious; I love hunting, and then the find—the excitement of the unknown, that one key in a door that opens the door and another door and another door.”

“You have to pull him back,” admits Alexis Roche, Galliano’s partner and collaborator. “Otherwise, he doesn’t stop!”

Galliano, however, cherishes “things that I’ve found in a flea market, or traveling geographically, or historically—they come imbued with a story, an energy,” he explains, “and they start deep emotions. And when those emotions start, I’m able to create.”

Many of those treasures are showcased in Galliano and Roche’s Paris apartment in the Marais, and in their modest stone farmhouse in the Auvergne, one of the most unspoiled but remote parts of *la France profonde*, where Roche’s grandmother was born. That house proved to be the perfect refuge at a moment when Galliano’s professional life was unraveling a decade ago, but as he conquered his demons through rigorous recovery programs and brought his creative genius to reshape Maison Margiela—which he has helmed since late 2014—the couple began to yearn for a country retreat that would be more accessible to Paris.

An antique-dealer friend suggested they look at a house in the almost absurdly picturesque Gerberoy, in Picardy, a village of cobbled lanes and half-timbered houses framed by roses and hollyhocks in Northern France.

“It’s like you stopped time,” says Roche. “We felt there was a soul to the village.” (The proximity to the fabled antique shops of nearby Rouen was an additional incentive.) Gerberoy is famed for the gardens created at the turn of the century by the Postimpressionist artist Henri Le Sidaner in the ramparts of a ruined country house, which served as endless subjects for Le Sidaner’s shimmering, evocative paintings. He even painted the very house that Messrs. Galliano and Roche had gone to see: an 18th-century gentleman’s residence that might, as Galliano suggests, have been a setting for Flaubert’s *Madame Bovary*. The couple were smitten by both the house and the town’s beauty and storied history, and could not resist.

The house, though, was in a parlous state, and Galliano embarked on an ambitious restoration plan that would preserve its romantic patina: The roof tiles were each carefully numbered and removed and, once the structure was stabilized, replaced to rise and dip as they always had. The reconfiguration of the rooms, meanwhile, was largely determined by the light and the views. The main bathroom, for example—crowded with antique perfume











#### HIDDEN GEMS

LEFT: Roche walks the stone garden path. ABOVE: Delft tiles designed by artist Eloïse d'Argent cover the fireplace wall in the Salon Jaune.

bottles, etched Venetian mirrors, and Baron von Gloeden's photographs of winsome Sicilian youths—serves as an anteroom to the bedroom itself. Now, sitting in the antique tub or standing at the sink, Galliano and Roche have the best vantage points from which to admire the landscape below the window.

While staying at Claridge's in London, Galliano always took time to admire the antiques and the iconic chintzes at the decorating firm of Colefax & Fowler, then seductively arranged in an 18th-century town house that once belonged to the legendary Nancy Lancaster and was famed for the high-ceilinged drawing room that she painted "buttah-yellah." Galliano clearly admired that room, as well as the exacting haute couture standards of the firm's custom work—"finding craftspeople," as Galliano notes, "is like gold"—and collaborated with the decorators on the curtains for his Paris apartment. In Gerberoy he worked with Daniel Slowik, formerly at Colefax & Fowler. "It was a very collaborative process," Slowik recalls, "and it was fun to work with a fashion designer who understands the feel and idea of couture. He's always going for the most exciting options."

Ancient kilim carpets, for instance, were carefully reassembled into a patchwork runner for the staircase, which is adorned with racy drawings and photographs, while antique Moroccan wedding coverlets, their purple silk floss embroidery long faded to raspberry pink, were hung unlined in the upstairs pink drawing room to filter the daylight. "He's so interested in where the light falls and catches," says Slowik, who drew color inspiration from paintings and objects in Galliano's collection. (Galliano also put amber glass panes in the door to the kitchen so that at teatime the dining room is bathed in light.)

The dining room, with wide, tapestry-seated Louis Quinze chairs drawn up to the circular table and portraits of toucans and parrots (and earnest early-19th-century children) on the cool blue walls, has taffeta curtains in an antique pale yellow and blue stripe tied back with rosettes scrunched from the same fabric, all based on examples in 18th-century upholsterers' manuals—along with those in Pauline de Rothschild's fabled London apartment, which was designed with John Fowler himself. The yellow drawing-room windows, meanwhile, are hung with a silver and buff African-inspired glazed cotton that Galliano worked on with Fortuny, and





The 18th-century gentleman's residence is a place that might, as Galliano suggests, have been a setting for Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*.



#### FRAMES OF REFERENCE

LEFT: Also in the Salon Jaune, a Louis XV chair is surrounded by Indian miniature paintings. ABOVE: In the guest bedroom, a Directoire bed sits below artworks including, at top center, a fashion study by Howard Tangye, Galliano's tutor at Central Saint Martins.

the main bedroom is hung and curtained with a chintz from Antoinette Poisson that evokes the blue-and-white *azulejos* tiles that Galliano admired in Portuguese gardens and houses. (He was so obsessed with them, in fact, that he commissioned the trompe l'oeil artist Eloïse d'Argent to create a narrative sequence of Delft tiles that now spins its tale on the Salon Jaune's fireplace wall, and brings even more light into the room when the fireplace is roaring.)

The property is protected by a 1779 gatehouse—now crowned with a banner, crafted by the Margiela atelier, depicting two roosters (*galli* in Spanish, for Galliano)—that once served as monks' quarters. Galliano created a brace of guest rooms and a soaring atelier in the space, complete with a library of his favorite reference books. (His beloved first-edition Dickens novels, with the illustrations that so inspired him as a child and as a fashion student, are kept closer to his bedside table.)





After the atelier's terra-cotta *tomette* tiles underfoot were carefully restored and laid with antique Turkish rugs, Galliano had small squares of the different colors that he was considering painted around the room to determine the changing effect of the light. "The ultimate test with me is always candles," says Galliano. "The glow, and how the color reacts: That's when the color really sings. I spend a lot of time in candlelight." He settled on a rich terra-cotta, a color that he describes as "almost like a deep breath in the evening." That singing pink is painted eight layers deep, ceiling and all. "I wanted this kind of cocooning effect—the idea was that the light would reverberate and bounce off each wall and the roof," he continues. "And it works: It's super relaxing in here. I come to pull out my favorite Vionnet book and dream."

Through the centuries, artisans—tile makers, glass-blowers, and, of course, the tapestry workshops of nearby Beauvais—have flourished in this region of France. In homage to their work, Galliano began sleuthing the artworks originally created to serve as templates for those weavers at the local antique fairs. "I kind of live, breathe

#### RURAL SPRAWL

"We felt there was a soul to the village," says Roche of charming Gerberoy. ABOVE: The upstairs sitting room. OPPOSITE: Galliano's robust reference library (and some very impressive flower arrangements) presides over the atelier, painted a cozy terra-cotta.









my work,” Galliano avers, “so, being at Maison Margiela, this idea just came very naturally to find these wonderful cartoons and recycle them, upcycle them.” He cut them up into a collage of imaginary landscapes that now cover one wall. “I love the trompe l’oeil effect of real trees swaying and refracting in their light,” Galliano explains. “I was playing with the idea of the outside in and the inside out. I’ve saved some,” he adds, “and when the fancy takes me, I’ll do another little collage.”

The atelier’s mystery is further enhanced by the window shades. “They’re from a Japanese monastery,” Galliano says, and were assembled by Lilou Marquand, a friend and collaborator of Gabrielle “Coco” Chanel. Galliano, who describes the nonagenarian Marquand as “an artist, a poet,” was bidden for tea at her Parisian home to see if he passed muster as a client. “You could feel the energy zooming around her,” Galliano says. He was enraptured by her atelier, “an Aladdin’s cave of wonderment, of Japanese fabrics, Indian sari fabrics from the ’30s, pom-poms, trims, tassels—I was gagging on the Chanel ribbons!” At one point during the visit, Madame Marquand “trod on something—I don’t know whether it had fallen out of her very elegant trouser suit, or if it was already on the floor,” Galliano recalls. “She picked it up, and it was like this little elephant: a pincushion, CONTINUED ON PAGE 177

#### THE LONG HAUL

ABOVE: In the entrance hall of the main house, handsome terra-cotta tiles and Turkish rugs lie underfoot while an eclectic mix of drawings and photography hangs on the staircase walls. RIGHT: Trailed by Coco, Roche and Galliano head off into town.









## PIANO MAN

Andrew Garfield leans into his role as Jonathan Larson, wearing a Rag & Bone T-shirt; rag-bone.com. Levi's jeans; levi.com. Fashion Editor: Max Ortega.





# BRIGHT STAR

Andrew Garfield illuminates the brief and brilliant life of *Rent* creator Jonathan Larson in Lin-Manuel Miranda's directorial debut, *Tick, Tick... Boom!* By Adam Green. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.





If you're in the market for a stage and screen actor of peerless honesty, fervor, and daring, Andrew Garfield is your man. But when it comes to high-octane, sell-it-to-the-back-row musical theater performers, his is not the first name that springs to mind. So, it's a testament to Lin-Manuel Miranda's genius for spotting unlikely connections that, while he was watching Garfield's Tony-winning performance in the 2018 Broadway revival of *Angels in America*, he immediately knew that he had found the leading man for his upcoming film adaptation of Jonathan Larson's autobiographical pop musical *Tick, Tick... Boom!* "It was such an incredible feat, and I thought, Oh, this guy can do anything," Miranda recalls. "He was such a life force—he burned so bright on that stage—and I realized that he had everything I was looking for: incredible intensity but also incredible empathy."

Now, nearly four years, one pandemic, and countless vocal lessons later, *Tick, Tick... Boom!*, Miranda's love letter to the late songwriter whose masterpiece (that would be *Rent*) changed his life, is getting set to stream on Netflix. Surrounded by a terrific cast of seasoned musical performers, among them Vanessa Hudgens, Alexandra Shipp, Robin de Jesús, and Joshua Henry, Garfield gives a blazingly self-assured performance—melancholy and ebul-

"It was a real voyage of discovery for me," says Garfield, "like being reunited with a kind of long-lost blood brother in art"

lient, nuanced and unabashedly over-the-top—that pays off on Miranda's bet, and then some. And, boy, can he sell a tune. Steven Levenson (*Dear Evan Hansen* screenwriter), who adapted *Tick, Tick* for the screen, recalls, "When Lin first brought up Andrew, I was like, 'Can he sing?' And Lin was sort of like, 'No, but he's going to learn how.' When I finally arrived on the set and heard the playback of him performing one of the songs, I honestly thought it was somebody else because I couldn't believe the power and the confidence in his voice. There was a beautiful singer in there that Lin saw from the beginning."

It's been 25 years since *Rent*, Larson's contemporary retelling of Puccini's *La Bohème*, exploded onto the New York—and world—stage. The tragedy of Larson's sudden death, at 35, early in the morning on the day of its first preview has become inextricably bound with the show itself and adds a haunting layer of dramatic irony to *Tick, Tick... Boom!*, which tells the story of a penniless young songwriter named Jon (a direct Larson alter ego), living and waiting tables in the East Village while racing to get a musical produced before time passes him by.

*Tick, Tick*, like *Rent* before it, had a profound effect on Miranda when he saw it off-Broadway just after 9/11. (*Tick, Tick* is actually an expanded version of the one-man pop-rock musical that Larson began performing in 1990 under the title *Boho Days*.) "I'm a fucking theater major at Wesleyan—what do I have to offer the world?" Miranda recalls. "And here's a show by my hero, and he's telling me

#### DREAM TEAM

"There was a beautiful singer in there that Lin saw from the beginning," says the film's screenwriter Steven Levenson of Garfield. Lin-Manuel Miranda wears a Ralph Lauren jacket. Details, see In This Issue.

two things at once: It's harder than you think it's going to be, your peers are all going to go get real jobs, and you're going to be the only one knocking your head against the wall of this childhood dream. *But*, if you love what you do, it is worth it. And God, I love sitting down and writing a song. It makes me feel so alive."

Garfield came to the project from a different angle, aware of *Rent* because "it was in the ether" but knowing next to nothing about Larson. When Miranda offered him the part in *Tick, Tick* over lunch, he gave him a copy of the show's score, on the front of which he had inscribed,





GROOMING FOR ANDREW GARFIELD, AMY KOMOROWSKI; GROOMING FOR LIN-MANUEL, ASIA GEIGER; SET DESIGN, MARY HOWARD STUDIO.

“This won’t make any sense now, but I promise you it will. Siempre, Lin.” “More than I could ever have known, that was a true sentiment,” Garfield says. “I had a year and a half to really get to know the man through his music, through his words, through his relationships, through friends and family that survived him, and through this piece of work that he left behind. So it was a real voyage of discovery for me, like being reunited with a kind of long-lost blood brother in art. And I feel very grateful to have him as a beacon and a talisman of how to live a life of integrity.”

Garfield’s hallmark as an actor is an almost prodigal intensity and commitment to the moment, which galvanized his breakthrough screen performances in *The Social Network*, *Never Let Me Go*, and *The Amazing Spider-Man*, and more recently, his tour de force as the disgraced televangelist Jim Bakker, opposite Jessica Chastain, in *The Eyes of Tammy Faye*. Though less prolific on the boards, Garfield has established himself as one of the finest stage actors of his generation with his X-ray portrait of an emotionally wounded son, opposite Philip Seymour Hoffman, in Mike Nichols’s 2012 revival of

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# Portrait Mode

Deana Lawson is revered for her startling, intimate photographs. For the first time in almost a decade, on the occasion of a major museum show, she turns the camera on herself—and debuts the results for *Vogue*. By Dodie Kazanjian.

**E**arly in her career, in 2012, Deana Lawson made a self-portrait—the first and only one she has included in her body of work. In that image, she’s in a formfitting minidress, in a public garden, and her camera is an 8-by-10 behemoth that conceals almost half her body. Although she was in her early 30s when she took that photo, she has the air of a kid with boundless ambition: Her work had just entered MoMA’s photography collection. “I hadn’t totally arrived, but I knew that the work I was making was important in this lifetime and hopefully for lifetimes to come,” she tells me.

In the years since Lawson took that photo, she has become one of our most admired contemporary photographers, producing startling compositions, usually more than four feet tall and wide, in which her subjects—many of whom she scouts on the subway or the street—seem to have an uncanny ability to command our attention. Like the work of Jeff Wall, Gregory Crewdson, Cindy Sherman, and many others, each photograph is carefully staged. She casts, directs, and dresses (and not infrequently undresses) her subjects, who appear to trust her implicitly. The pictures are a curious mix of formal portraiture and spontaneous snapshot, truth and fiction. Despite their artifice, “real Black Life is what we’re looking at in Lawson’s pictures,” as the writer and musician Greg Tate puts it in a new catalog essay. “In her relatively brief career, Deana Lawson has become a Diogenes, a signifying truth-seeker of unviolated Black humanity and beauty.”

“She is able to marry deep truths about her subjects and their lives in a purely visual and nondidactic way,” the curator and writer Alison Gingeras tells me. “It’s like she casts a spell on people.” (Gingeras included Lawson in her much-discussed “New Images of Man” show in Los Angeles at Blum & Poe gallery last year.) In Lawson’s 2009 photograph *Baby Sleep*, for instance, a man and woman seize the opportunity to make love on a hard folding chair while their baby dozes in her swing. The people playing the lovers may have been complete strangers—who knows? Lawson rarely reveals details about the people she casts, but we believe the stories her pictures tell, with wonder and amazement. In her 2018 photograph *Axis*, three young Black women, nude, lie side by side on a floral carpet, raising themselves to look at the camera. In *Mickey & Friends <3* (2013), a painted image of Mickey Mouse, holding an ice cream cone, looks down leeringly at a pair of naked women, facing one another, hands on each other’s waists.

*Taneisha’s Gravity* (2019) presents two older women, fully dressed, on a broken-down sofa in a cramped living room. “Deana moves between photographic traditions with an ease and confidence that’s pretty stunning,” says the former MoMA curator Eva Respini, who put Lawson in MoMA’s group show “New Photography 2011” and acquired her work for the museum’s collection that same year. “We see a lot of artists who delve deep and do one thing really well. But here’s an artist who is polyphonic in how she expresses her vision. She’s really singular.”

All of these photographs will be on view at Lawson’s first museum survey show, which opened this fall at the Institute of Contemporary Art/Boston (ICA), where Respini is now the chief curator. (She’s co-curating the show with former MoMA PS1 chief curator Peter Eleey.) The show covers the whole complexity of her work so far, from early portraits, to the recent color photographs with holograms inserted onto the surface, to her “assemblages”—wall-devouring collations of four-by-six-inch images that she finds in slide libraries, family archives, and other places. “Lawson uses them to build an expanded field of Black representation,” Eleey explains, “creating a complex network of relationships on the wall—often including white subjects—that we can wander through in various directions and get lost among.” The ICA show will travel next year to MoMA PS1 and the High Museum of Art in Atlanta.

Earlier this fall, I asked Lawson if it might be time for this brilliant portrayer of other people’s inner lives to have another go at photographing herself. Turns out she had been thinking of doing just that. “It’s the same impulse that came up in 2012,” she says. “It’s also present now. My work always begins with an impulse, a quiet urging.... I guess I work best when I don’t really have the answers and just follow the instinct of what it could be. I think so much great work and ideas come from play.

“I don’t really have much to say about myself,” she continues. After a longish silence, she adds, “I just want to make a picture that gets closer to representing how I envision myself—as an artist, as a creator, as a person who holds a camera. How do I see myself? What do I want to become?”

## LENS CRAFTER

“The earth tones—the earth, the anchor, the centering, the browns—was more the energy I was feeling at this chapter in my life,” says Lawson, pictured here in her 2021 self-portrait.









Lawson grew up in a large and interconnected family in Rochester, New York, and the experience was central to everything she would become. “My mother, her sisters and cousins were all very complicated, gorgeous, and heartbreaking women,” she said in a published conversation with Deborah Willis, chair of New York University’s photography department. Deana’s father, Cornelius, was the family photographer, snapping pictures on every occasion. “My father was taking the photographs, and my mom was patiently and consistently organizing them into albums, sometimes chronologically, but not always,” Lawson tells me. “I started looking at the family albums when I was eight or nine. Looking at it in a book format was almost like reading a story.”

Deana and her identical twin sister, Dana, were inseparable. They shared the same bedroom at home and during their first year at Penn State. Growing up, everybody called them DeanaDana, and when their best friend Dana Brown was with them, it became DeanaDanaDanaBrown. (Her friendship with Brown, who now lives in Alabama, continues—Brown often travels with and assists her on photo shoots.) The Lawsons were a boisterous and self-confident clan (her parents had three children from previous marriages, and Lawson’s mother, Gladys, has eight siblings and Cornelius has six), in a big, self-confident town. They came of age listening to Sunday morning gospel and intergenerational music on WDKX, the Black-owned radio station. (“It was super community oriented,” Deana tells me.) DeanaDana’s grandmother

had worked as a housekeeper for George Eastman, who founded Eastman Kodak and put Brownie box cameras in the hands of almost every American family. Their mother had a well-paying administrative job with Kodak for 39 years, and their father worked for Xerox. Lawson has said that she felt “destined” to be a photographer.

Lawson, however, didn’t feel the call to be an artist until her sophomore year at college. “It was a self-realization,” she says. “I knew I was good on the creative end of things. I was always drawn to clothing and fashion as a teenager, and I thought the only way to embrace that was through the fine arts.” She told Willis that “a weight was lifted” when she decided to be an artist. “I felt like I could exhale, like I had come home to myself.” Although she and her sister Dana had both entered Penn State to major in business, “we were feverishly wanting to establish who we were independently, and in some ways, Dana led the way,” Lawson says. “I’m six minutes older, but I often thought of her as the older one. She had a wisdom. Dana was reading Angela Davis and Zora Neale Hurston before I was, and she was the first to travel to Africa and to become a vegetarian.” Dana decided to major in African American studies and comparative literature. But at the age of 17, she had been diagnosed with multiple sclerosis, and eventually had to drop out of Penn State. She now lives in an assisted-living facility in Rochester.

Deana, devastated by her sister’s illness, knew she had to continue—to succeed for both of them. She had fallen in love with a young artist, the painter Aaron Gilbert. Their son, Judah, now 19, was a newborn when she started





### IN OTHER ROOMS

"She is able to marry deep truths about her subjects and their lives in a purely visual and nondidactic way," says curator Alison Gingeras. FROM LEFT: Lawson's *Coulson Family*, 2008; *Self-Portrait*, 2012; *Taneisha's Gravity*, 2019.



"I think we all have the potential to be bigger and larger, but not in the ways we tend to value those words"

grad school at the Rhode Island School of Design, and 13 years later, they had Grace, who is now six. No longer married, Lawson and Gilbert are still close friends and dedicated co-parents.

Lawson returned to Rochester with Judah after RISD, while Gilbert stayed to finish his degree. They moved in 2008 to New York City, where she got a job at the International Center of Photography. She took as many free classes as she could there, photographing all the time and developing a personal style—which was recognized in the 2011 MoMA show. She also got a teaching job at Princeton, where she still works.

By 2017, Lawson had caught the eye of art world insiders. The *New York Times*' Roberta Smith, reviewing Lawson's work in the 2017 Whitney Biennial, wrote that her photographs of Black people "smolder with quiet determination." Zadie Smith profiled her in *The New Yorker*. In 2020 Lawson won the Hugo Boss Prize, which brought her a show at the Guggenheim Museum and a bushel of rave reviews. She also moved across the country to Los Angeles, while still maintaining a Brooklyn home—it was a time that felt like a turning point, and perhaps an incentive for a new self-portrait.

"I think of myself not only as an artist, but as a force," she tells me in our conversation about how the portrait came into being. "I think we're all a force in some way. I often talk about light, and how human beings are like light—energy having an earthly experience. I see myself as light totally connected to photography. I think we all have the potential to be bigger and larger, but not in the

ways we tend to value these words. Not in terms of fame or money, but who are we and what are we destined to do in this lifetime?"

She goes quiet again, as though pulling back from what she said, and then, "Maybe it's because I'm aging. I'm at a certain level in my career, and maybe this is a new chapter, and I felt like I needed to document that. It wasn't necessarily anything super deep. It was just a sort of misty feeling of 'this is something I need to do.'"

Lawson's new self-portrait has a lot in common with the one she did in 2012. In both of them, she's with her camera, her partner in life. She's wearing a floral dress and standing in a garden, behind a view camera on a tripod, holding a shutter release, looking straight at the viewer. The contrast between camera and background, technology and nature, is unavoidable, and so is the fictional aspect—she's obviously not taking the picture with this camera. She's serious and somewhat aloof, a fictional character whom she has cast, directed, and carefully dressed. (She's photographed herself nude before, and says she might consider doing so for a future self-portrait. "Anything is possible.")

But make no mistake, these are two very different women and two different photographs. The new picture is nowhere near as bright and punchy as the earlier one. "It's more subdued and more quiet," she says, "but still very strong and direct and also maybe a little bit more mystical, with the motion blur." The new portrait shows a woman in her own backyard, wearing a tea-length, full-skirted dress—the formality is undercut by the white jogging pants you catch a glimpse of under it. "For

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178



## STRIKE A REPOSE

In her open-plan living room, Iman sits among paintings she collected with Bowie. Carolina Herrera shirt and skirt; carolina.herrera.com. CLOCKWISE FROM NEAR RIGHT: *Man Falling Wearing A Mad-Man Mask* (1983) by Derek Boshier; Replica of *Untitled* (1984) by Jean-Michel Basquiat (by David Bowie); *Midnight Ride* (1963/64) by Wallace Putnam; *Self Portrait* (1980) by David Bowie. Fashion Editor: Carlos Nazario.





# MAKING SPACE

A return to the home Iman once shared with her late husband David Bowie brought back old memories, and spurred a new creative pursuit: to capture their romance in a fragrance.  
By Chioma Nnadi. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.





**E**ven on a gloomy afternoon in mid-August, as heavy storm clouds hover in the valley below, the panoramic view of the Catskill Mountains from Iman's living room is top-of-the-world stunning. Looking out onto the verdant landscape through the floor-to-ceiling windows feels akin to wearing an enormous pair of binoculars. "Hmm. I'm not sure that we'll see the sunset today," says Iman, who is seated at her circular dining room table in front of a laptop. She's dressed in a long robe printed with black and saffron yellow flowers reminiscent of the black-eyed Susans growing along a fieldstone wall outside. She pulls up a gallery of golden-hour images to offer proof of just what I'm missing. "The sight of the beautiful sunset would make me cry," she says, scrolling through dozens of shots. "But the crying was more of a, Oh, I wish you were here. The minute you think, This is too gray, then, along comes the sun."

When David Bowie died of liver cancer on January 10, 2016, at the age of 69, the world mourned the passing of an icon. An outpouring of grief from Bowie's fans and friends stretched across the globe. But for Iman, who was all of a sudden without her husband of 24 years, the pain and loss were confined to the walls of the home the couple shared in upstate New York, just outside of Woodstock, where Bowie finished his final album. "After he was gone, it was very difficult for me to come here. I was always sad," she says, recalling her last significant memory with Bowie at the house: a Thanksgiving gathering with their then teenage daughter, Lexi, now 20, his son from a previous marriage, Duncan Jones, and Jones's wife, Rodene. "I would come maybe six days out of the year. And every time I came, I couldn't wait to leave," adds Iman. But in March of 2020, she piled into the car outside of her apartment in the West Village with model and activist Bethann Hardison, her longtime friend, and decamped for



#### LIFE'S A BEACH

The iconic image of Iman and Bowie stealing a kiss on the Cape Town coast is one of the first things you see upon entering the couple's upstate home. Photographed by Bruce Weber for *Vogue*, 1995.

the country. As lockdown stretched on and her days upstate became weeks, then months, she was overcome by feelings of unresolved grief. "Being here meant I couldn't escape how I felt. I had to sit with my grief, confront it, go through it," she says.

"And that's what this place did for me. It literally saved me."

The supermodel and beauty entrepreneur has been on a private path toward emotional recovery, in the woods, ever since. As we stroll along her front lawn, Iman pauses to show me several small stone columns nestled among the trees: "David would always say that in ancient times, these towers were used for navigation to let people know they were on the right track," she explains of the handmade formations—or cairns, as they are known in Scottish Gaelic. "Stacking them on my walks became this very calming ritual each day. It was a way to honor his memory, but also a reminder that I was in the right place, that this," she says, pausing, "was my right space." They also inspired Iman's proudest bout of pandemic productivity: an amber glass bottle crafted in the shape of a cairn and filled with her first fragrance, a love letter to her relationship with Bowie. "I've been asked to write about David and our love so many times. But my favorite autobiographer is the one who tells it all. I'm not going to tell you all," she says, adjusting the tiny gold necklace that bears her late husband's first name. "And so, this is my way."







Much of Iman and Bowie's epic romance has been endlessly mythologized. Both extraordinary and almost otherworldly in their own right, the two of them seemed destined to cross paths. Bowie swore it was love at first sight when he was introduced to Iman by a mutual friend in 1990, and the courtship that followed was the stuff of celebrity fairy tale. When he proposed a year later, Bowie rented a boat on the river Seine in Paris, secretly arranging for the lights on each bridge to go up as they drifted by. Iman remembers every last detail from their wedding day in the summer of 1992, too—an intimate ceremony held at an unassuming church in Florence that was followed by a reception at a 16th-century Medici mansion—including the spritzes of Robert Piguet's *Fracas* that she wore. "I don't cheat on my fragrances," says the 66-year-old, whose staggering beauty is still almost heart-stopping in person. "Scent is such an emotional thing, so when it came to making my first one, it had to be right."

Called *Love Memoir*, the eau de parfum blends notes that read like

#### IN HER ELEMENT

ABOVE: Iman wears a Roksanda dress; roksanda.com. OPPOSITE, BOTTOM: Building symbolic stone towers on the property helped Iman honor her late husband. In this story: hair, Ursula Stephen; makeup, Keita Moore. Details, see In this issue.

a chapter in Iman and Bowie's life together. Vetiver, the zesty scent that he wore the day they met and every day after, is balanced with hints of bergamot and blackberry, which bring to mind the Italian countryside where they were married. "Florence was on my mind so much throughout the process of formulating the fragrance because the sunset upstate reminded me of the times we spent in Tuscany," says Iman, who undertook the project with Calvin Klein alum and Batallure Beauty cofounder Robin Burns-McNeill. "All the memories came flooding back," she continues, noting that the packaging is printed with a distinctive sunset scene she painted herself. There's a trace of rose as well, a tribute to Bowie's British heritage. "You know, he always wanted to go back to England," she says. "So when we came here, I made sure

that there was a feeling of England—for example, nothing about the garden is too structured."

Situated on 50 acres, the property was a hidden gem when Iman came across it in 2011. Bowie had fallen for Woodstock while recording his 22nd studio album, *Heathen* (2002), at nearby Allaire Studios, and the location ticked all the right boxes for the famously low-key couple: a short drive from town, it was accessible while being suitably secluded and could function as both a creative retreat and entertainment space for their family and friends, several of whom had already moved upstate. Bowie was particularly enchanted by the forest of ethereal white birch trees—his favorite tree, says Iman—that encircled the unassuming, '70s-era shed-roof house. "They intended for it to be their forever home, the place that they would be in when they were old and gray," says Hardison, who has a house close by.

Filled with an eclectic mix of fine art, antiques, and artifacts from all over the world, the building itself—a sleek, split-level, CONTINUED ON PAGE 179





#### NEW EDITIONS

Model Mona Tougaard wears a **Dior** dress and skirt; Dior boutiques. **Kenneth Jay Lane** necklace. OPPOSITE: Model Vittoria Ceretti wears an **Alexander McQueen** top; alexander mcqueen.com. **Gap** jeans; gap.com. **René Caovilla** sandals. Fashion Editor: Julia Sarr-Jamois.





# TRUE BLUE

Where better than in Rome, the Eternal City, to show off a classic fabric's timeless appeal—whether dressed down for daytime or up for evening. Photographed by Angelo Pennetta.





#### NIGHT MOVES

Tougaard wears a **Tom Ford** blouse and jeans; [tomford.com](http://tomford.com). **Jimmy Choo** boots. **Paco Rabanne** earrings. Model Fran Summers wears an **E.L.V. Denim** jacket; [elvdenim.com](http://elvdenim.com). **Etro** jeans; [etro.com](http://etro.com). **Jimmy Choo** shoes and bag.







#### TWICE AS NICE

Where denim shirting is involved, more is very much more. Shirts from **Levi's** ([levi.com](http://levi.com)) and **Mother** ([motherdenim.com](http://motherdenim.com)). **Emporio Armani** jeans; Emporio Armani boutiques. **Bulgari** earrings and necklace.



# TALL ORDER

For proof of denim's  
endless adaptability—  
and unstoppable  
sense of cool—look no  
further than this  
belted and bejeweled  
**Chanel** look; Chanel  
select boutiques.







## STREET EASY

Model Mika Schneider wears a **Jacob Cohën** jacket and skirt; jacobcohen.com. **Christian Louboutin** boots.



## COVER STORY

Ceretti goes long and lean in a **Polo Ralph Lauren** jacket, shirt, and jumpsuit; ralphlauren.com.





#### NEXT LEVEL

Here's one idea for a slick, quick, going-out look: your best printed minidress and a pair of light-wash jeans, ideally both from **Louis Vuitton**; [louisvuitton.com](http://louisvuitton.com). **Gina** shoes.

#### BEAUTY NOTE

The perfect day-to-night lip does exist. Chanel's Rouge Allure Ink Fusion in True Red won't budge, thanks to its ultra-matte formula.







#### STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

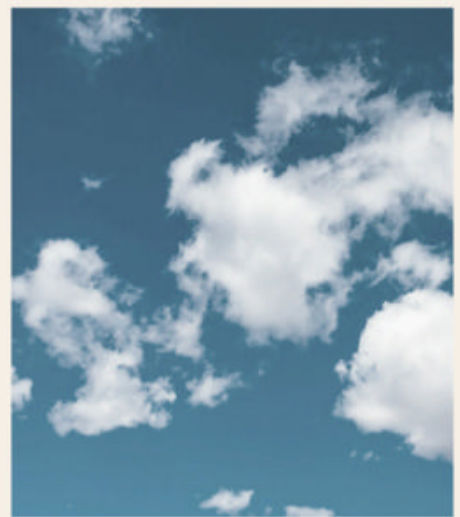
The long and short of it is that denim goes especially well with a bit of shimmer. **Loewe** jacket; [loewe.com](https://loewe.com). **7 For All Mankind x Numero21** bra top; [7forallmankind.com](https://7forallmankind.com). **Prada** skirt and bag; [prada.com](https://prada.com). **Amina Muaddi** shoes. **Fallon** earrings.





## **TONE SHIFTS**

Tougaard wears an **Alberta Ferretti** tie-dye jacket and jeans; Saks Fifth Avenue. **Slim Barrett** headpiece. Summers wears a **Brunello Cucinelli** jacket; Brunello Cucinelli Soho. **Victoria Beckham** shirt; victoriabeckham.com. **R13** jeans; r13.com. **Alexandre Vauthier** earrings. **Merola** bracelet.



CITYSCAPE: GETTY IMAGES. CLOUDS: ALAMY.



## **A STEP AHEAD**

Schneider sashays briskly—and brilliantly—away in a **Polo Ralph Lauren** jacket; ralphlauren.com. **Off-White** mesh top and jeans; off---white.com. **Black & Brown** clutch.





**REMAKE/  
REMODEL**

No jeans were harmed in the making of this Gaultier Paris by Sacai dress—only ingeniously stitched and hitched together. Gaultier Paris by Sacai boots.







### KNOCK KNOCK

When straight-leg denim meets a slinky, shimmery jacket (and a bit of a power shoulder), something almost retro—and utterly alluring—results. **Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello** jacket, bodysuit, jeans, jewelry, and belts; Saint Laurent 57th Street. **Tom Ford** shoes.





#### FINAL CUT

Celine by Hedi Slimane jacket, bodysuit, and jeans; [celine.com](https://celine.com). In this story: hair, Cyndia Harvey; makeup, Petros Petrohilos. Details, see In This Issue.



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**TAKE A BOUGH**  
MUSICIAN GARY CLARK JR., DESIGNER AND MODEL NICOLE TRUNFIO, AND THEIR CHILDREN, PHOTOGRAPHED BY RAHIM FORTUNE, *VOGUE*, 2021.



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**1.** JOANNA BUCHANAN CLIP, \$78 FOR SET OF 5; JOANNABUCHANAN.COM. **2.** IRENE NEUWIRTH NECKLACE; IRENE NEUWIRTH.COM. **3.** LOUIS VUITTON BAG; LOUIS VUITTON.COM. **4.** JOANNA BUCHANAN CLIP, \$78 FOR SET OF 5; JOANNA BUCHANAN.COM. **5.** DIOR TRAVEL POUCH, \$1,150; (800) 929-DIOR.

RAHIM FORTUNE. *VOGUE*, 2021. PRODUCTS: COURTESY OF BRANDS/WEBSITES.

## The Giving Tree

Whether you're shopping for children or grandparents, homebodies or boulevardiers: Browse on for nature-inspired gifts for every person on your list.



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**6.** FLOWERBX WREATH, \$160; FLOWERBX.COM. **7.** ROGER VIVIER BOOT, \$1,695; ROGERVIVIER.COM. **8.** JOANNA BUCHANAN CLIP, \$78 FOR SET OF 5; JOANNABUCHANAN.COM. **9.** GABRIELA HEARST BLANKET; GABRIELAHEARST.COM.



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ETHAN JAMES GREEN, VOGUE, 2019.  
PRODUCTS: COURTESY OF BRANDS/WEBSITES.



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- 10.** OLIVIA VON HALLE ROBE, \$1,842; SIMILAR STYLES AT [OLIVIAVONHALLE.COM](http://OLIVIAVONHALLE.COM).  
**11.** JOHN DERIAN PUZZLE, \$20; [JOHNDERIAN.COM](http://JOHNDERIAN.COM). **12.** NAK ARMSTRONG EARRINGS; [NAKARMSTRONG.COM](http://NAKARMSTRONG.COM). **13.** LA DOUBLEJ APRON, \$95; [LADOUBLEJ.COM](http://LADOUBLEJ.COM). **14.** LOBMEYR CRYSTAL TUMBLERS, \$884; [MATCHESFASHION.COM](http://MATCHESFASHION.COM).  
**15.** TORY BURCH SHOES, \$298; [TORYBURCH.COM](http://TORYBURCH.COM). **16.** JUNIPER BOOK SET, \$150; [JUNIPERBOOKS.COM](http://JUNIPERBOOKS.COM). **17.** GUCCI BAG, \$2,890; [GUCCI.COM](http://GUCCI.COM).



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From eco-conscious kitchen staples to woodsy wear-anywhere accessories, a few more gifts that keep on giving.

**OPPORTUNITY FOR GROWTH**  
WHY NOT PLANT A TREE IN SOMEBODY'S NAME THIS YEAR THROUGH THE U.S. FOREST SERVICE? VISIT [FS.USDA.GOV](https://fs.usda.gov).

TREE: HUNTER ABRAMS. PRODUCTS: COURTESY OF BRANDS/WEBSITES.



AMRIT: MOTION DIRECTOR, ETHAN SKATES.  
DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.



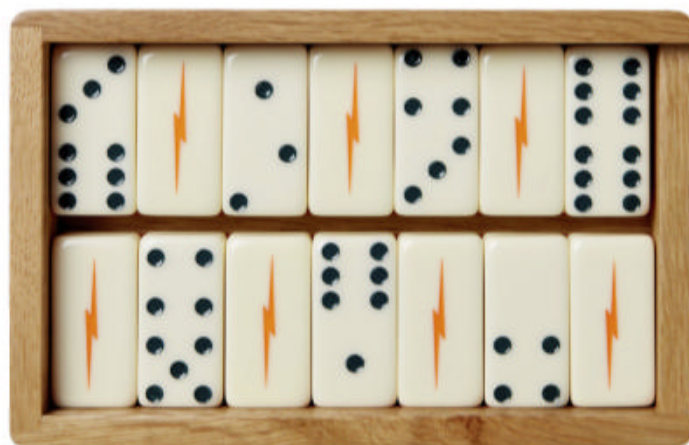
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#### OPEN SEASON

MODEL AMRIT WEARS A  
SPORTMAX TRENCH COAT;  
SPORTMAX.COM. VICTORIA  
BECKHAM TURTLENECK;  
VICTORIABECKHAM.COM.  
BULGARI EARRING. HAIR,  
JONATHAN DE FRANCESCO;  
MAKEUP, KUMA.  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CRUZ  
VALDEZ. FASHION EDITOR:  
MAX ORTEGA.

- 18.** ALEXANDER MCQUEEN CHARM, \$270; ALEXANDERMCKQUEEN.COM. **19.** BODE JACKET, \$1,578; BODENEWYORK.COM.  
**20.** BRIGHTLAND VINEGAR AND OLIVE OIL, \$22 AND \$37; BRIGHTLAND.CO. **21.** LOEWE POCKET, \$990; LOEWE.COM.  
**22.** SHINOLA DOMINO SET, \$250; SHINOLA.COM. **23.** PRADA PET JACKET, \$625; PRADA.COM.  
**24.** HERMÈS CUSHION, \$1,075; HERMÈS BOUTIQUES.  
**25.** DIPTYQUE PERFUME, \$188; DIPTYQUEPARIS.COM.  
**26.** HUNTING SEASON BAG, \$650; HUNTING-SEASON.COM.  
SHOP THE ISSUE ONLINE AT [VOGUE.COM/SHOPPING](http://VOGUE.COM/SHOPPING)



## CARRIED AWAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

such intentionality and care. I play a complicated queer character who's smart and funny and sexy and dynamic," they say. "I was a huge fan of *Sex and the City* back in the day," says Samantha Irby, a new staff writer on the show, who is Black. "But there were some moments where I was like, If there had been a Black writer in the room, this would have probably played differently. Of course, things change in the span of 20 years. Approaching the Black and brown people on the show this time around, it was important to me to make them feel real and not just plopped in. That said, this isn't meant to be preachy. I'd never want to write a scold-y show, where watching it is like taking your medicine." (Parker, too, attempts to reassure on this point, promising the series won't skimp on frivolity: "We're keenly aware of the affection people have for certain things connected with the show. It's like perfume: You have the beautiful packaging and the bottle, and then you have the juice.") When I catch Nicole Ari Parker on the phone, she says, "The writers are skillful about having the characters, whether they're of color or not, acknowledge the newness they're experiencing. But it all fits in with the same beloved tone of the show. The clothes alone are to die for." She laughs. "And let me tell you, there's still a lot of sex in this version of *Sex and the City*."

The fact that most of the women having sex on the show are now in their 50s, is, in and of itself, a pretty radical proposition in the current TV landscape. "When we announced *And Just Like That...*, there were a lot of positive reactions, but one bitchy response online was people sharing pictures of the Golden Girls. And I was like, 'Wow, so it's either you're 35, or you're retired and living in Florida. There's a missing chapter here,'" King tells me. "I like that we're not trying to youthify the show. We're not including, like, a 21-year-old niece," Nixon says. "I think it's revolutionary to do a show about middle-aged women, with their aging lady bodies," Irby says. Parker seems to agree. "There's so much misogynist

chatter in response to us that would never. Happen. About. A. Man," she says, punctuating every word with a clap. "'Gray hair gray hair gray hair. Does she have gray hair?' I'm sitting with Andy Cohen," Parker goes on, "and he has a full head of gray hair, and he's exquisite. Why is it okay for him? I don't know what to tell you people! Especially on social media. Everyone has something to say. 'She has too many wrinkles, she doesn't have enough wrinkles.' It almost feels as if people don't want us to be perfectly okay with where we are, as if they almost enjoy us being pained by who we are today, whether we choose to age naturally and not look perfect, or whether you do something if that makes you feel better. I know what I look like. I have no choice. What am I going to do about it? Stop aging? Disappear?"

But Parker is nowhere near ready to disappear. A few days after our meeting at Steiner Studios, I see her again, this time on the set of her *Vogue* shoot, on an achingly perfect New York fall day. Beyond the patio of the photo studio, on the far West Side of Manhattan, the Hudson stretches clear and blue, One World Trade a glinting obelisk to the south. Though I know Parker is not Carrie, it's a fascinating thing to see how, in front of the camera, she is able to skillfully slip on that character's playful mantle. Her hair down her back in those signature loose blonde ringlets, she poses in a structured sleeveless cream Balenciaga Couture dress, embroidered richly in a lattice of pink flowers, as upbeat go-girl anthems play in the background (Britney's "Toxic," Blondie's "One Way or Another," Madonna's "Material Girl"). After a few moments, she decides that the dress needs an extra something, and she retires, along with the stylist Tabitha Simmons, to the wardrobe, to try on a number of whimsical hats, before settling on an enormous floppy number from Libertine, on which Simmons pins a few precious jeweled brooches from Kentshire and Fred Leighton. There! The combination is kooky, but it works. It is, too, very Carrie. "This is heaven!" Simmons shouts, as Parker perches on a stool, as comfortable as if she

were in sweats, her smile radiant. I am reminded of something the young designer Christopher John Rogers told me over the phone, when he recalled Parker wearing a design of his to the Forces of Fashion conference in 2020. "It was this hot pink dress, and she decided to wear it backwards, with the neck ties sort of streaming down her back. It was slightly off, but she made it her own."

An hour later, Parker and crew caravan a few blocks east, to the corner of 23rd and Eighth, to take a few pictures on the street. Wearing another floppy Libertine hat, paired with a sparkly coat from the brand, a sheer, beaded Prada dress, and a mismatched pair of holographic SJP pumps, Parker walks from her car to a nearby crosswalk, whose length she strides again and again for the camera. Very quickly, a crowd of pedestrians—mostly women, mostly in their 20s and 30s—begins to gather, and iPhones are whipped out to document the scene. "OMG stop, Zoe isn't going to believe this," one woman whispers to herself as she records a video. "Sarah Jessica, you're so beautiful, girl!!" a young man screams. "I'm dying!" a Gen Z'er says to her friend. There is something particularly moving, particularly nature-is-healing, New York-is-back-baby, about seeing Parker in her element, strutting down an NYC street like Elvis in Memphis, her hair flowing, swinging a lime-green sequined Fendi bag, as if no time has passed since the memorable *SATC* episode of 20 years ago, in which Carrie gets mugged for both her Manolos and her purple Baguette.

But, of course, time does pass. A week later, I speak to Parker on the phone. News had just broken of the death of Willie Garson, who had played the fan-favorite role of Carrie's BFF Stanford Blatch on both *SATC* and *AJLT*, and who had been battling cancer; and mere days before, George Malkemus, Parker's partner in the SJP shoe line, passed away as well, also of cancer. In our conversation, she sounds stricken by the deaths of her two friends, both of whom she'd been close to, personally and professionally, for decades. "All I can say right now is that it's as if a scoop has been taken out of



me this week, and I don't expect it to be filled. In time, my body will grow accustomed to this new architecture, but now I feel truly blue," she says, with some difficulty. For a moment, she sounds on the verge of tears, but then she takes a long breath. "It's such a loss, and I think about how I'll miss the joy of these relationships. I think about Willie and the show and how much we *laughed*. And I guess despite everything, that's the headline: There's so much good in the world, and we were all so lucky to be together, doing something we loved." □

## LET THE SUNSHINE IN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

with really sharp pins on it," fashioned from pink silk velvet that had rubbed bald through years of use and love. "I'd never seen anything so gorgeous," Galliano says. "I'd like you to have this," Marquand told him. "It belonged to Coco."

With Marquand's blinds at the window, the room, notes the designer—in true Galliano-speak—"is a little bit of Marlene-on-the-train." He is referring to Marlene Dietrich in director Josef von Sternberg's 1932 *Shanghai Express*, veiled and shaded in feathery glamour by the legendary costume designer Travis Banton. "It's a place of mystery," says Galliano.

The atmosphere of the house is enhanced by the soundtrack—Billie Holiday's plaintive voice on the day I visited, for instance—and the heady, richly layered fragrances that Galliano loves, including church incense, Diptyque's musk, Santa Maria Novella's pomegranate, and Indian joss sticks that waft through the rooms.

The main house is also one room deep and flooded with light from both sides. That upstairs pink sitting room is filled with devotional church figures in their antique robes of shattering silk ("I turn everything into shrines," Galliano confesses), and the drawing room below is painted another 18th-century color that was known, as Galliano notes with delight, as *pipi de vache*, as it was inspired by the urine of cattle fed a mango diet. "Once again," he explains, "it's an amazing color that works in a mysterious way in sunlight and sunset, and glows in candlelight."

The fruits of Galliano's sleuthing with Roche are abundantly evident. His suave juxtapositions in the Salon Jaune, for instance—including splay-legged 1950s Gio Ponti armchairs upholstered in a chintz design of plump pomegranates and peonies, a rosy needlepoint rug, a 1940s marmalade red velvet sofa, a Louis XV chair in sunflower silk velvet, and an 18th-century painted Italian commode—bring the room seductively into the 21st century and illustrate the couple's passions.

Galliano thinks nothing of hanging a Sex Pistols poster or Ron Raffaelli's portrait of Jimi Hendrix to jostle 19th-century salon art, Brassai and Penn photographs, and homoerotic Jean Cocteau drawings. *Madame Bijou*, Brassai's 1932 portrait of a disheveled woman sitting at a table in a bar, an original print of which now hangs in Galliano's guest bathroom, "has inspired many a collection," the designer confides. "The volume of the coat, the hat, the wig, the jewels, the fallen stockings, the tap-dancing shoes—I mean, it's just an endless dialogue with *Madame Bijou*!"

The house is also a palimpsest of the places Galliano and Roche have traveled, particularly on the epic inspiration trips that Galliano once took with his teams for his eponymous brand and for Christian Dior, the house that he redefined as artistic director from 1996 to 2011. These travels took them to Japan, China, and India, among other exciting locales. One end of the Salon Jaune, for instance, is hung with a collection of exquisite 17th- and 18th-century Indian miniatures found in Rajasthan on that India reconnaissance mission. "There's always been a magical relationship with India," Galliano says.

Outside, Galliano worked with Camille Muller to create a romantic, English-inspired garden, although it is an ancient beech tree that perhaps excites his imagination the most. (In the last quarter of the 18th century, a complaint was brought against the house's dissolute owner, and Galliano is convinced that the scars in the stately plane tree's trunk are a flagellant's stigmata.)

Soon after they arrived, Galliano and Roche befriended the village's

colorful cast of neighbors, who now provide gardening and psychic advice, gossip, and delicious produce and local culinary delicacies. Dressed like a Bloomsbury Group eccentric on an afternoon that I visited—in a Margiela prototype sweater knitted from strips of blue and lilac gingham, a Margiela trench, Wellington boots, and a woven-straw cloche hat pulled down low on his brow—Galliano set off with Roche to pay his calls with the couple's Brussels Griffons, Gypsy and Coco, gamboling at their feet.

He seemed very much at home. □

## BRIGHT STAR

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*Death of a Salesman*, and his aching-ly operatic turn as an AIDS-afflicted modern-day prophet in the revival of *Angels in America*. He brings the same emotional extravagance to his performance in *Tick, Tick... Boom!*, portraying a figure who lives, as Garfield puts it, "always turned up to 11." It's a quality that Garfield and Miranda share with Larson—what screenwriter Levenson calls "an irrepressible joy and an infectious enthusiasm for creating." The titular ticking that gave Larson's life (and gives Garfield's portrayal) such urgency becomes an ongoing reminder of life's transience. "I believe that Jon knew, in some profound way, that he did not have a lot of time to write and sing and create what he was meant to create," Garfield says. "So the ticking was a manifestation coming from his deep unconscious, saying, *You've got to write this damn thing before you're 35. And then you'll have done what you've been called to this earth to do.*"

To prepare for the role, Garfield spent more than a year studying with the legendary vocal coach Liz Caplan, allowing him to not only, as he puts it, "sing like a man singing for his life," but sing with the fluency and the chops of a Broadway pro. He also studied enough piano so that the camera could pan from his hands at the keyboard to his face (and make the audience, Miranda says, "buy this guy as a songwriter"). That authenticity was crucial to Miranda, who starred in a 2014 revival of the show at City Center and brings the same loving fidelity to every aspect of the film: He has Garfield perform



snippets of the one-man show that started it all and shot the film on (or in re-creations of) the actual locations in which Larson spent his days and nights. A who's who of musical theater songwriters and performers show up in cameos. (Stephen Sondheim—a real-life Larson fan and mentor—doesn't make an actual appearance, though Bradley Whitford does an admirable job capturing his physical and vocal tics.) “I really wanted to get it right,” Miranda says, “so that the ghost of Jonathan Larson didn't come back to haunt me and tell me that I fucked it up.”

For Garfield, the project became equally personal. Just before shooting began, his mother died, and Larson's story of loss and what we leave behind took on a more profound meaning for him. “Every day on set was a prayer to my mum through Jon,” he says. “I got to commune with my mother through singing Jon's songs, through attempting to complete Jon's unfinished song while simultaneously attempting to sing as much of my own song while I'm alive as possible. And helping Lin sing his song, and singing the

song of what it is to be a struggling young artist, and singing the song of people who feel abandoned by society. It became this epic orchestra, through Jon, where we weren't only singing for him, we were singing for ourselves and we were singing for our greater community and we were singing for our ancestors.” Garfield laughs, adding, “I mean, it doesn't get better than that.” □

## PORTRAIT MODE

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self-portraits, I don't like to go out and shop for anything,” she says. “I like to see what's in my closet. I found this beautiful dress at a consignment shop three years ago, and I'd only worn it once. The earth tones—the earth, the anchor, the centering, the browns—was more the energy I was feeling at this chapter in my life.”

She's in full command of herself and her camera, a smaller four-by-five, and the shutter release this time is in her left (dominant) hand, which you can't see because of the blur. She has customized this camera with crystals surrounding the

lens—something she learned from her mentor Louis Mendes, whom she has called her “third education, outside the academy.” (He's a self-made street photographer whom she met when she first came to New York.) “I love how he outfitted his camera with wooden panels. It's just a way of personalizing your tool, your apparatus, and making it yours.” Lawson readily acknowledges the many photographers she has learned from, including Diane Arbus, E.J. Bellocq, Sarah Charlesworth, Lorna Simpson, Carrie Mae Weems, Malick Sidibé, and James Van Der Zee. In the new self-portrait, her gaze is both revealing and guarded. As Peter Eleey told me, “That combination of exposure and protection courses through her work.”

All this and much more comes through in Lawson's latest self-portrait. “I guess the only way to say it is that it's a visual manifestation of the thoughts and feelings I had about who I wanted to be and what I wanted to become—as a human being, as an artist, communicating in this lifetime.” □

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A WORD ABOUT DISCOUNTERS WHILE VOGUE THOROUGHLY RESEARCHES THE COMPANIES MENTIONED IN ITS PAGES, WE CANNOT GUARANTEE THE AUTHENTICITY OF MERCHANDISE SOLD BY DISCOUNTERS. AS IS ALWAYS THE CASE IN PURCHASING AN ITEM FROM ANYWHERE OTHER THAN THE AUTHORIZED STORE, THE BUYER TAKES A RISK AND SHOULD USE CAUTION WHEN DOING SO.

## MAKING SPACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 157

wood-paneled structure that’s painted black—echoes the story of a couple perfectly in sync. The famous *Vogue* portrait shot by Bruce Weber of Iman and Bowie stealing a kiss on the beach in Cape Town is one of the first things you see when you walk through an impressive set of ruby red double-front doors and into the open-plan living room, where two elegant West African stools, sourced in Senegal, stand back to back—one carved with the face of a king, the other a queen. On top of the kitchen cabinets, there is a row of glazed earthenware pots from Bali, where the couple honeymooned for a month. “To see two people who were creatively on the same page, really on the same page, is so very rare,” says Thom Filicia, the interior designer who worked with Iman and Bowie on renovating and decorating the space. “They had a very similar aesthetic, which I think they probably built together. It was never at all about being flashy. The choices they made were

always evocative and interesting and dynamic and thoughtful.”

On a low ebony coffee table, pieces from Bowie’s Memphis Group design collection—including two black-and-white Ettore Sottsass vases—sit in conversation with the painterly silhouette of a Kara Walker ceramic jug, hinting at a recurrent theme throughout the house: the notion of two halves coming together to create an exquisitely formed whole. A pair of life-size face sculptures resting on a cabinet are uncanny: Nearly identical in their symmetrical beauty, one is a mold that Bowie had made of his face, cast in resin, and the other is of his wife’s, cast in pewter. “I was never that person who would say, ‘Oh, he is with me,’ but his presence is definitely here,” says Iman, opening the terrace doors to let in the mountain air. “At night, when it gets dark, you just see the white limbs of the birch trees. There is something kind of spiritual and magical because it looks like they’re soldiers, like you’re being looked after,” she continues. “And that’s when I think, Yes, he’s here.” □

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# Last Look



## Chanel earrings

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet—particularly if that rose was really a pink tourmaline on a pair of dangling earrings also clustered with diamonds, yellow beryls, and morganites. That's what the poet-jewelers at Chanel intended to do with these earrings from the new Collection N°5, the first High Jewelry collection inspired by the maison's most beloved perfume—famously composed of jasmines, ylang-ylang, and, yes, roses.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MATTHIEU LAVANCHY

SET DESIGN: JULIETTE ZAKOWETZ.





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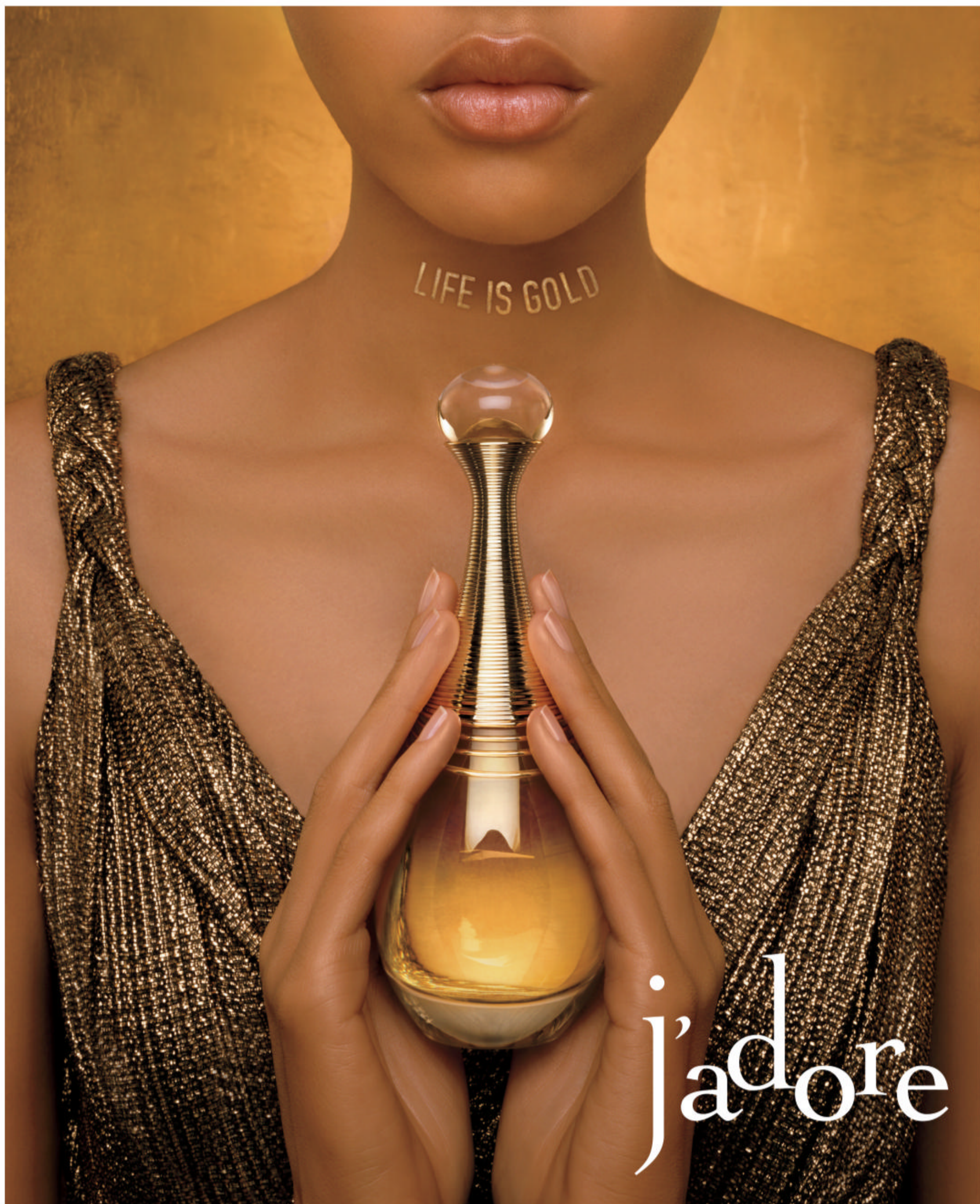
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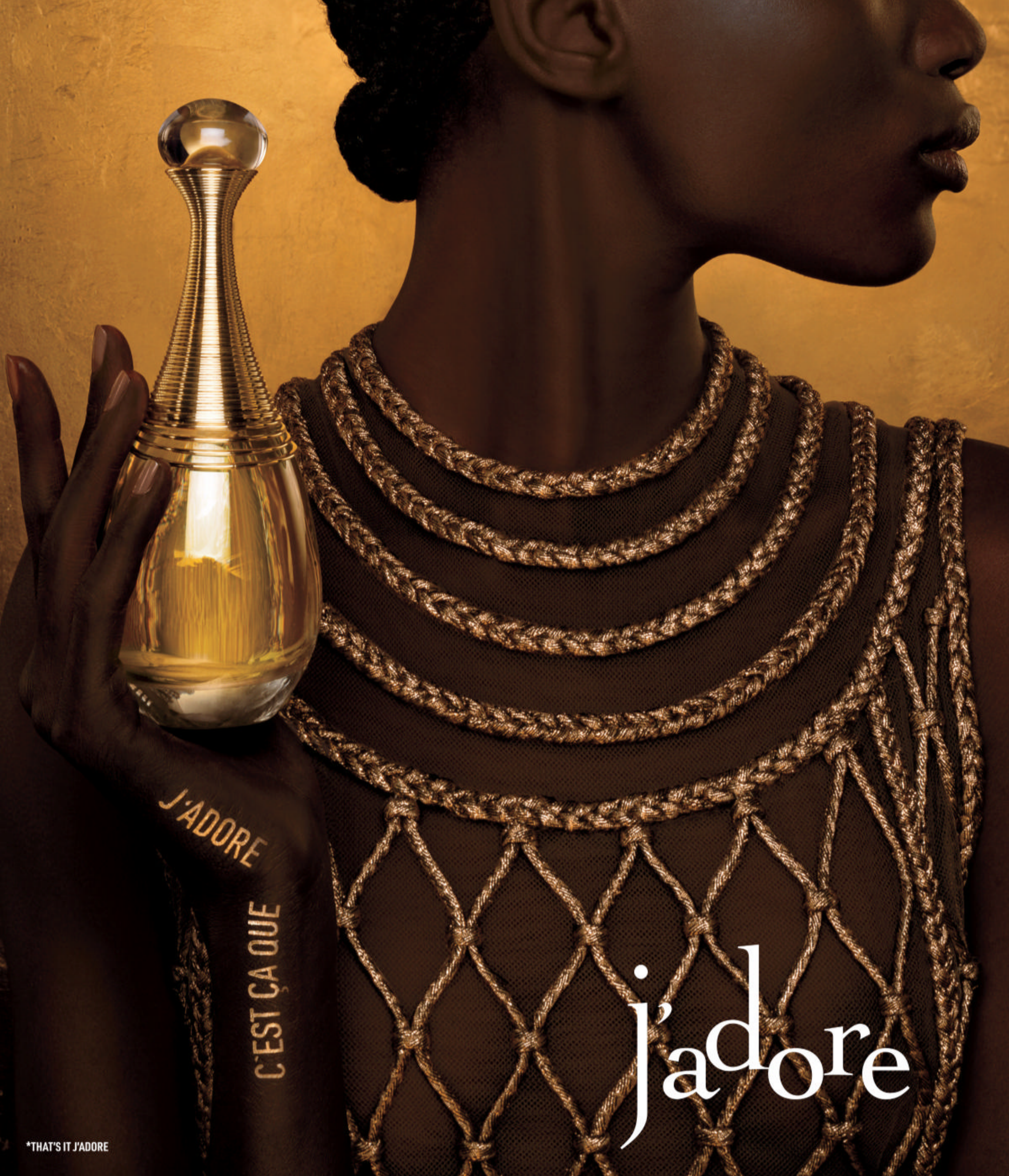




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